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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE TRAIN THAT GOES TO
IRELAND.

The train that goes to Ireland: it often
passes by.
'Tis comin' like a long, white snake
wid smoke upon the sky.
The people do be in it, 'tis little that
they know
The sorrow that is on me as I see them
go.

The flyin' train for Ireland, it screeches
fast and far;
And it might be for Tirnan-oge where
gentle people are;
Troth, it might be for heaven where
the blessed walk in white,
So bitter is my longin' as it flies out
o' sight.

Maybe if I went wid it 'tis little joy
I'd find.
The grass is growin' over them that's
never from my mind.
There's lonesome, empty places; and
people seein' me
Would say: The stranger woman, an'
who may she be?

But och, the green of Ireland and the
silver, shinin' bay!
The mountains don't be changin' though
the people pass away.
An' still her streams are singin' an'
still her larks will rise.
'Tis she that's under golden mist to
my achin' eyes.

The people do be in the train they
never know their luck.
The half of them is yawnin' or dozin'
wid a book:
Them that'll be in Ireland before the
night is come,
That'll see the Dublin mountains an'
the skies of home!

The people do be in the train: they
don't know at all
They take a wee, wild passenger, och,
very sad and small!
An' that's the heart that laves me an'
goes flyin' fast an' free,
An' travellin' home to Ireland by the
dim, gray sea.

Katharine Tynan.

POSTED AS MISSING.

Under all her topsails she trembled like
a stag,
The wind made a ripple in her bonny
red flag;
They cheered her from the shore and
they cheered her from the pier,
And under all her topsails she trembled
like a deer.

So she passed swaying, where the
green seas run,
Her wind-steadied topsails were stately
in the sun;
There was glitter on the water from
her red port light,
So she passed swaying, till she was
out of sight.

Long and long ago it was, a weary
time it is,
The bones of her sailor-men are coral
plants by this;
Coral plants, and shark-weed, and a
mermaid's comb,
And if the fishers net them they never
bring them home.

It's rough on sailors' women. They
have to mangle hard,
And stitch at dungarees till their
finger-ends are scarred,
Thinking of the sailor-men who sang
among the crowd,
Hoisting of her topsails when she
sailed so proud.

John Masefield.

VANITY.

The quay was stacked with gleaming
tusks,
With apes in chains of gold,
And the bare, brown-bodied mariners
The bags of gold-dust rolled.

All for Solomon, sandal-wood,
And the purple stuffs of Tyre,
And pepper, spice and cinnamon
Were there at his desire.

The peacocks scream along the quay,
The slaves toll in the sun,
And in his garden: "Vanity,"
Sighs the soul of Solomon.

John Presland.

DEMOCRACY AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.*

I invite you for a little to turn your attention from the ordinary party questions to a problem which is equally serious for both parties, a situation to which both parties have in some degree contributed. I suppose that no two phrases are more common in the Press and on the platform than "Democracy" and "Representative Government." They are used in many senses. You may find the first applied to that which the people desire but which may not be good for them; you may find it used again in exactly an opposite sense, as that which is good for the people but which they may not desire. It is a little puzzling for plain people. But, roughly speaking, we may say that there is one meaning running through most of its various uses. Democracy is supposed to be the rule of the majority of the citizens of the country, each citizen counting as one and no more. Representative Government, too, is a wide word, at least as it is used in politics to-day. During the discussions on the Parliament Act we used to be told by one side that that measure was necessary to complete and safeguard Representative Government, and by the other side that it would put an end to Representative Government altogether. Clearly the different disputants must have used the words in different senses. I propose to ask you to examine with me very briefly what Representative Government means historically, and what is its position to-day in a democracy, which, whether for good or ill, is far more advanced—far "purer," as the phrase goes—than in the days of our grandfathers.

In our grandfathers' days people lived beyond doubt under a system of

* An address delivered to the Glasgow Democratic Unionist Association.

Representative Government. I will take my definition of that system from Edmund Burke. It is from his speech to the electors of Bristol after the poll in November, 1774.

"It ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinion high respect; their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to theirs; and above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interests to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure; no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion. . . . If Government were a matter of will upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior. But Government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination; and what sort of reason is that, in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate and another decide; and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments? . . . Authoritative instructions, mandates issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience, —these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of our constitution."

A representative, in Burke's view, is a member of a party which places before the nation a certain system of national policy. He is elected partly because he is a member of that party and an advocate of that system, and partly for his own sake. For what his constituents buy with their votes is not only his party loyalty—Burke ranked that high, though not too high—but very especially his own judgment and conscience. They choose him to do their political thinking for them under the belief that he is better qualified than themselves. He is not their delegate with a mandate, nor their ambassador to act on their instructions, nor their advocate to speak from a brief, but their *representative*—a free man bound to act and deliberate freely to the best of his powers, subject, of course, to the approval of his constituents at the next election.

That is a very noble and rational doctrine; none nobler or more rational has ever, in my opinion, been evolved in the history of free Governments. Before we proceed to examine its applicability to the conditions of to-day we may note two facts about it. In the first place, it is closely linked to another doctrine, the doctrine of the legal sovereignty of Parliament. I should define this as the right of Parliament to do anything it pleases in legislation, subject to the ultimate right of the people to undo it. We have grown so accustomed to this doctrine that we think of it as extending, in spite of the misdeeds of kings and nobles, far back into the childhood of British history. But the truth is, it is a very young doctrine. When Burke spoke the words I have quoted it was not very much more than a century old. In feudal England people talked of a law fundamental, a law of the land, which no king or council could tamper with. Magna Charta was a solemn embodiment of one portion of

this law fundamental. In 1604 the Speaker of the House of Commons divided the laws into (a) the Common Law, not mutable, (b) the Positive Law, to be altered by the occasions of the times, and (c) Customs and Usages which have time's approbation; and we find Cromwell repeatedly making the distinction. Sir Edward Coke maintained that the function of King and Parliament was not *jus dare*—to make new law—but *jus dicere*—to declare existing law. I could multiply instances, but these will suffice. The Long Parliament first invented the theory of legislative sovereignty, and the statesmen of the Restoration acquiesced in it. Henceforth there was no law fundamental in Britain, but any Parliament could legislate to any extent and on any subject of its own free will. It was a remarkable discovery, and a tremendous, and in many respects a valuable, innovation; for though it lost us the American colonies it gave us modern Britain. Now legislative sovereignty involves the doctrine of representation. A sovereign Parliament, once it has been elected, must own no other sovereign. A member of it owes his chief duty to the august body of which he is a part.

The second fact to be noticed is that Burke's doctrine is **not** democratic in the sense in which we commonly use the word. He was no believer in government by mere numbers, in what Archbishop Magee called "the plenary inspiration of the odd man." In a quarrel between the people and their rulers he thought there was generally a presumption of right on the side of the people, because a people does not quarrel for fun. A people has needs and discontents and wants, but not views; or, if it has, its views are negligible. He thought it the business of a representative to fit a policy to the needs, but not to take it ready-made from those who suffered. The popu-

lar voice he considered a more or less unintelligible *patois*, bearing no sort of relation to the voice of God. That may be in the truest sense democratic doctrine—far be it from me to deny it; but it is not the sense in which we use the word to-day.

If we want the pure milk of this doctrine let us turn to Windham, who was Burke's closest friend and most faithful disciple. One of his Norwich constituents wrote to him on the question of the peace with France, announcing that he differed from his member, and might have to withdraw his support. To this Windham replied in an epistle which the unfortunate gentleman must have long remembered. "If you think," he wrote, "that I am a man generally unfit for the situation which I occupy; that I am disposed to betray its duties to purposes of my own advantage; that I am apt to be led away from my duty by party connections; that I do not deal fairly and openly with my constituents, but profess opinions that I do not believe, and dissemble those that I do;—if any of these things have determined your judgment, there is no disputing the propriety of the change that is represented to have taken place. But if, thinking of me in all respects as you have heretofore done, you mean to vote against me . . . merely because I am of opinion, in common with nine-tenths of the thinking part of the community, that the present peace is big with the most alarming dangers to the very existence of the Empire; while you, on the other hand, who have hardly considered the question so much as I have, are induced to think well of it, being led perhaps to that opinion more by some immediate, local and personal advantages, which you may hope may result from it, than by any other consideration,—then I must think that you act upon principles less liberal, less enlightened, and less just

than I should have ascribed to you." There speaks the representative in all the pride of his independence.

Burke was not a party politician. He never held high office or sat in a Cabinet; but he was a great thinker and he had a horror of dogma. He never laid down a doctrine as if it were eternal truth. In politics he held that we must look at the facts and the historical relations, and not at abstractions of reason or the speculations of theorists. He would have been the last man to put his views on Representative Government too high. Like all other maxims of politics he considered them true under certain definite national conditions. It is worth our while to look at these conditions, and to inquire if they hold good to-day. Nowhere in his writings does Burke lay them down categorically; but we find him constantly arguing from certain presumptions, and we may take these to be the pre-suppositions of his Representative Government when we find them clearly and organically related to it.

1. The first condition is the existence of the two-party system. This needs a few words of explanation. Burke seems to have held that politicians should be brigaded into two parties for the sake of legislative and administrative efficiency. Men fight and work best in a band under a chief and a banner. The Government who have to do the work and the Opposition who have to criticize it are alike more effective when disciplined and organized. He had no love for what he called a "desultory and disconnected part" in public life. But these two parties are not the forces of Ormuzd and Ahriman, of light and darkness. They differ chiefly in the accident of *personnel*. If they differ in theory it is in the matter of emphasis rather than of belief. They are agreed upon the fundamentals; they believe alike in

class and property and the traditional polity of Britain. He constantly foresaw a man changing from one party to another honestly and conscientiously, and he never would have admitted the honesty of such a practice had the parties differed in fundamentals.

Now apply this view to the question of the representative. If parties are organized mainly for efficiency, if they do not differ greatly except in emphasis, if party loyalty is only general loyalty to companions in a fight, then obviously a representative is a free man. The doctrine holds good; he is free to decide and act according to his conscience and his judgment, which is what his constituents elected him for. But assume a different state of affairs. A pledge-bound party or a party with a rigid programme and a sleepless caucus leaves little freedom to the representative. He is there to do the bidding of his chiefs, and trot docilely into the appropriate lobby. In voting for him the electors do not choose a man who will judge, but a man who will obey; they vote, not for a representative, but for a partisan. Carry your imagination a little further and conceive a full-blown Group system, such as we see to-day on the Continent, where politics tend to produce a number of small and large communities sworn to uphold certain ideas or personalities. There a man sticks to his group, but he may at any moment change his party, for any moment may see his group brigaded in a new alliance. What does the elector choose in such a case when he records his vote? Not a will and judgment free to act, for experience shows that the discipline of a party is but milk-and-water to the discipline of a group. Not a representative of a party, for he does not know into what undreamed-of coalition his member may be swept. It may be said that he chooses the ex-

ponent of a creed, but if he believes that he must have a rare confidence in human nature, for groups are singularly forgetful of creeds and singularly mindful of tactics. The right answer, I think, is that he does not choose a representative in Burke's sense at all. For that fine flower we need two parties, brigaded for business reasons, and differing not in principle but in emphasis.

2. A second condition is the maintenance of the three estates of Parliament—King, Lords, and Commons—with virtually co-ordinate powers. There is no need to search for proof of this in Burke; it pervades nearly every passage he wrote. To him a discreet monarch, a peerage of public-spirited landowners, and a carefully selected House of Commons, were the pre-conditions of civilized government; at any rate, for Britons. He believed in the legislative supremacy of Parliament, but it was the whole Parliament, not a part of it; and he would have shrunk with horror from any talk of the legislative supremacy of the Lower House. Like most of his countrymen in his day and since, he had a bias against change. He would have his representative free to act and decide, because he knew that there was no chance of any violent revolution being carried unless the country were ripe for it. The constitution of his day was a thing of checks and balances, and this machinery was in working order and not for show. The King governed as well as reigned; the House of Lords competed both in popular prestige and political talents with the Commons; the three estates had substantive and practically co-ordinate powers. Therefore the people might trust their representative, for the honest man could not go far wrong. Were it otherwise, then representation must go by the board. On this Burke had no manner of doubt. I take one

sentence from the *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*:—

"I see no other way but the interposition of the body of the people itself, whenever it shall appear, by some flagrant and notorious act, by some capital innovation, that these representatives are going to overleap the fences of the law and establish an arbitrary power."

3. The third condition is the maintenance of the House of Commons as a true deliberative assembly. Of what use is it to entrust a representative with the duty of deciding for you, if he is given no chance to exercise this duty? Parliament must be a place where opinion is made, where a question is fully argued, and where good reason may turn votes. But—let me quote again from the passage I cited before from the Bristol speech—"What sort of reason is that, in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate and another decide?" Obviously, it is no place for a representative. The poor soul is there to do what his constituents sent him to do; he wants to form his opinion to the best of his ability and act upon it—to assist his party, it may be, to maintain a good cause; but he is told that the thing is settled. This or that must be done; if debate there must be, it will have a foregone conclusion. I do not say that this system is wrong; no doubt it is a much more expeditious way of despatching business; but clearly it makes nonsense of Burke's notion of a representative. Under it, we ask again, what do the people vote for? Not for a man to act freely according to his reason and conscience. Not for a programme and a man to support it, for half the questions on which a member must vote have never been before the electors. As far as one can see, they vote primarily for a Ministry to which they entrust unlimited powers. The

private member is a henchman in its household, and it, the Ministry, is the true representative. You will perceive that this type of government is virtually an oligarchy, the rule of the few, subject to the periodic approval of the people.

We may now consider the question whether these three conditions exist in Britain to-day. As I have told you, I am a great admirer of Burke's doctrine; I never met another I liked so well. But in Cromwell's famous words, "It is needful at all times to look at Things," and it is no good pretending that we have Representative Government if the thing be impossible. Looking about with an unprejudiced mind I find it difficult to discover much trace of Burke's conditions. We have certainly not got the two-party system in his sense. So far as I can see there are at least four parties, together with various odds and ends; and, remember, they are not parties such as Burke wanted, brigaded together for the more efficient conduct of government, and agreeing more or less on fundamentals. They differ profoundly on fundamentals, and the reason of their existence is that they differ. Take even the two parties which have most resemblance to each other, the Unionists and the Liberals. They appear to have much in common, but I cannot help thinking that if an honest Liberal and an honest Unionist who had given any thought to the matter could be induced to set down the principles and preferences which lay at the bottom of their creeds, the difference would be found to be vital. Again, I am afraid that not one of these parties is pledged to uphold in its integrity things which Burke thought the foundations of English policy. Then as to the maintenance of the three estates of Parliament with co-ordinate powers—well, it is many a day since that doctrine died. Yet till yesterday we were left

with two authoritative estates; but now one is for the moment *in articulo mortis*, and so unsensitive have we become to constitutional revolutions that the average man seems very little concerned about it. We are governed by a predominant Lower House, and the nation is so heartily sick of the question that not all the eloquence of Lord Rosebery can turn its apathy into fright. Lastly, is the House of Commons any longer a serious deliberative assembly in Burke's sense? I do not share the contempt of our legislature which is fashionable in many quarters—the view of the gentleman who recently wrote to the papers and said that there were only two opinions about Parliament: the opinion of those inside that it was the last word in human wisdom, and the opinion of everybody else that it was a damned monkey-house. To me it seems that the House of Commons represents now, as it has always done, a very high level of intelligence and public spirit. But for serious and independent discussion—No. For one thing, there is not the time, and for another, permission would not be granted. Mr. Asquith's prophetic words have come true. The House has become not unlike a patent automatic machine which registers the edicts of a transient majority. "What sort of reason is that in which the determination precedes the discussion, in which one set of men deliberate and another decide?"

The question remains whether, in spite of Burke's view, these conditions are really necessary for Representative Government. Well, "representative" is a blessed word of wide meaning, but in Burke's sense I think they are. How can a man be given *carte blanche* to use his reason when he is at the same time forbidden to use it? How can an electorate confidently appoint an automaton when that automaton in combination with

other automata has such absolute powers? If you elect a free man whom you trust, you give him a wide discretion; but if you elect a puppet, in common prudence you want to pull the strings yourself. I agree with Burke. In his words, "I see no other way but the interposition of the body of the people itself."

It is hard to come to any other conclusion than that we are assisting at the obseques of Representative Government in the old good sense. The thing has been long a-dying, and the last hour is at hand. I deeply lament its fate, but no human institution can maintain its vigor for ever, and I think I can offer you a few modest consolations.

The first is that Representative Government depended largely upon the old two-party system, and it is impossible to expect that system to continue intact in our modern world. In a chaos of parties Representative Government becomes not only unfruitful, but highly dangerous. It is perpetually exposed to the chance of coalitions formed, not for administrative efficiency, but for the purposes of fancy legislation. A, B, C, D, and E are five parties, each with a particular legislative fad, and no one of them is strong enough to achieve its desires unassisted. A bargain, therefore, is struck on the classic principle of "You scratch me, and I'll scratch you," under which each group, for the sake of attaining its own end, agrees to co-operate in achieving the ends of the others. If the people have no means of interposing their veto on such a bargain, the result may be that measures to which the vast majority of the nation are opposed may be carried by means of this legislative "combine." An even greater evil is that since a coalition is a difficult thing to handle, the most austere of ministries may be tempted to keep the different sects

in good temper by legislative sops which are intrinsically undesirable, and, so far as the nation at large is concerned, wholly undesired.

A second consolation is that we are only doing what all the world has done already. The doctrine of parliamentary sovereignty has long been dead everywhere but in Britain. As we have seen, it was born about 1641, and began to die some time about the period of the First Reform Bill. The truth is, that it does not go well with democracy. It never really existed on the Continent, and it has never flourished in America. Democracy has a great gift of trusting its leaders, but it does not trust representative assemblies, which are only itself, so to speak, in a pocket form. It prefers the large-paper edition. I suppose there is no subject in the world on which more nonsense is talked than democracy, and it is difficult to understand the circular argument so common to-day—that a measure is good because it is democratic, and democratic because it is good. But if we take the simple definition that democracy is the rule of Everyman, and the more democratic a state is the more directly Everyman recognizes his political responsibilities, we shall agree, I think, that the doctrine of Representation is insufficiently democratic.

For consider. For a man to be a good representative, and for a place to be adequately represented, there is no need that all should vote, there is no need that even many should vote. A member elected by half a dozen elderly gentlemen over a bowl of punch may be a very good representative. It depends entirely on the character of the member. If a man represents the kind of way of looking at things that is shared by the ordinary citizen in his division, then it matters very little whether he is voted for or not. If the

representative is an independent being with a right of acting at his own discretion, then whether he represents me or not depends entirely upon his own nature. He may act and reason as I should do myself, or he may not; and it makes him no better representative of me that I should have the right of voting for him. The late Duke of Devonshire, for example, was highly representative in temperament of most people in England; Mr. Gladstone, though he was several times Prime Minister, yet so far as his temperament was concerned represented very few besides himself. On Burke's theory, the franchise really counts for very little. That was why he was always against electoral reform. To us, looking back to-day, the opposition to the First Reform Bill seems very difficult to understand, and it is almost impossible for us to put ourselves in the place of the men who so passionately opposed it. Yet that opposition was perfectly reasonable and logical, and Burke's "representative" doctrine was at the root of it. If a man is a free representative, the one thing you demand is that he should have the representative character; whether everybody has a chance of voting for him or not is altogether beside the point. If he has not the right character, manhood suffrage will not make him more representative. But there are several difficulties about this excellent doctrine on the practical side. One is that unless you give the ordinary citizen a chance of sharing in an election, he is apt not to realize his citizenship. Another is that it provides no way of making sure that you get the proper man. A popular election certainly provides no infallible way, but it gives on the whole a better chance, and the essence of democratic government is that it ensures a practical compromise, a second-best, half-way between unattainable perfec-

tion and flat inferiority. So in practice we have to descend to a lower level, and say that the representative man is the man whom the majority of the people choose. We give almost everybody a voice in the election, trusting to luck to turn up a good card. That is the recognized democratic usage, and it is only a short step from that to consulting the people, not on men only, but on measures; and a still shorter to consulting them on measures at a time when you are not asking their judgment on men. To Burke, the man, the representative, mattered enormously, but to democracy he matters comparatively little, unless he is a party leader. The essence of a popular constitution is that one or two individuals should have enormous influence, but that the average politician should be only a minor wheel in a great machine. Unlike his predecessor, he does not think for the people; he is only the conduit pipe to convey the people's will. And so in time we get to some kind of referendum—we have had it for several generations. As Mr. Bryce points out in the last edition of his *American Commonwealth*, the referendum principle has long been established in Britain; for what is the rejection of a measure by the House of Lords but some kind of referendum, what is the whole cry for shorter Parliaments but the claim of the people to decide *directly*, not only on men, but on measures? Like Burke, I am not greatly enamored of what is called plebiscitary government, but if we are going to be democrats we must face the consequences. If you have members elected with freedom to debate and act in a free House of Commons, you have the representative system; if you elect automata with a mandate, you have democracy; but if you elect automata to act docilely under the executive and trouble yourself no further about their

doings you have an oligarchy—a form of government which has never in the history of the world been either stable or beneficial.

It is inevitable, then, this change, and it has its compensations. I will not be suspected of any desire to flatter democracy when I say that it has merits, even surpassing merits. Everyman is a pretty sagacious fellow. He is not the neurotic being, living in a whirl of elementary emotions, that some would have us picture him. He is, as a rule, much wiser, much more steadfast, than his official interpreters. He has no jealousy of the State, but on the other hand he has no morbid craving for its attentions. He is not a doctrinaire, and he is eminently practical. I know him in my capacity as a tradesman offering him wares, and I have the utmost respect for his good sense. If you present him with fantastic schemes of change, he will be apt to reply as the Highlander replied to a certain Commission, which offered him a holding if he was prepared to keep some thirty official commandments—he declined on the ground that he could get the whole Kingdom of Heaven for keeping ten. At the same time, he is no anarchist, he is an obedient soul, and he has a strong respect for all reasonable laws. In his heart of hearts, as Lord Hugh Cecil once said, he is "profoundly unrevolutionary." If I have any complaint to make against our present political conditions, it is that the plain man has not the influence he deserves. Do you ever realize that John Bull has dropped out of our public life? Where is the typical Englishman to-day, or, for that matter, where is the typical Lowland Scot? We have the sectional cleverness of the fringes, but where is the solid good sense of the centre? I am not without hope that a more advanced democracy may restore him. I would rather be governed by Burke's kind of

representative; but if I cannot have him I am quite willing to trust myself to the plain man, the man who in every class of life does the world's work, and who should, if right goes for anything, hold the world's government. Burke's was an aristocratic *régime*, and to a large extent we in Britain are still living under aristocratic forms, but without the substance of an aristocracy. It is a situation which cannot continue, and since we have accepted the principles of democracy the sooner we devise an adequate machinery the better.

There must, of course, be checks and balances. No human Government can do without them, least of all democracy, which is peculiarly subject to violent and transient moods, and in its own interest needs a period of reflection between impulse and deed. A Second Chamber, with the complete powers of a Second Chamber, is as vital a part of its machinery as the ultimate popular appeal. But I do not believe in too rigorous a system of artificial restraints. We cannot at this time of day restore the old doctrine of the "law fundamental," even in its more modern form of a written constitution. The "law fundamental," indeed, remains as an unwritten, but authoritative, restraint upon the popular will. The people nominally can do anything, but there are certain things—unjust confiscations of property, tyrannical interferences with conscience—which they cannot do and retain their claim to civilization. In the last resort we must trust to the good will and fundamental decency of the plain man. If a nation is to be free, it must be free to make mistakes; and the national conscience and the national good sense, provided we give them fair play, are stronger barriers against folly than any paper safeguards.

Lastly—and what I have to say I

throw out as the merest suggestion—it is possible that the breakdown of Representative Government may assist us materially in that most intricate of tasks, the devising of a common machinery for the Empire. At first sight it looks as if it would have the opposite effect. It would seem that representatives, with full powers to decide and act at their discretion, might make an Imperial Assembly possible, but that a system of members tied down to a mandate and bound to consult their electorates would be wholly unworkable. On further reflection we will, I think, be inclined to take a different view. Time, space, vigorous local nationalism—these are at present the main obstacles to a closer constitutional and executive union. An outlying dominion will always be jealous of its representatives, lest they in any way sacrifice local independence. However much these representatives might be trusted at the start, time and distance would create suspicion, and any frequent reference would involve the return and the personal application of the representatives. But with a Council, whose members were not representatives but delegates, the danger might be less. For since the freedom of a delegate is limited by his mandate, a change in that mandate would be all that was needed. It might be possible—by some simplified form of Referendum—for the units of the Empire to pronounce for or against an executive or legislative act without breaking the continuity of an Imperial session or in any way infringing the independence of these units. One thing seems to me perfectly clear. There can be no Imperial union if we attempt to base its constitution upon the *débris* of our long-superseded aristocratic *régime*. Britain itself and every one of the great Dominions is almost a pure democracy, and this fact must be recognized not only in

revising the government of these islands, but in those far greater and more pregnant schemes for the reconstruction of the Empire. I speak as an Imperialist who believes that only upon an imperial basis can the humblest of our domestic problems find a final settlement, and who sees in a

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united Empire the true hope of our future. But I would far rather that that idea should remain stagnant for a generation than that we should attempt to apply the discarded notions of eighteenth-century constitutionalism to facts to which they bear no relation.

John Buchan.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

An indication of how public opinion is shaping itself can usually be observed in private members' Bills, brought before the House of Commons. Three such Bills, dealing with parts of one great subject, were introduced during last Session. Lord Newton's Betting Inducements Bill reached the House of Commons from the Lords for a second time; Lord Loreburn presented a Bill in the Lords to deal with the prohibition of Prize Competitions, and Mr. Hayes Fisher was in charge of a Bill dealing with Ready Money Football Betting. These three Bills cover a large portion of the field, even although the last is included in the scope of Lord Newton's Bill. Before I deal with them, I propose to state as succinctly as possible the need for legislation.

The two most obvious mediums for betting are the turf and the football field. The latter is the more recent subject for betting, and was made so principally because, during the winter months there is no flat racing, and bookmakers and others find it convenient to occupy themselves in other remunerative undertakings during the hurdle-racing season. It is easier, therefore, to deal with the football coupon, because it is a mushroom growth, and the Football Association itself is determined at any rate to deal with those over whom it exercises control. The players also are alive

to the dire results of the evil. Collin Veitch, a great International player, writing in the September issue of the *Football Players' Magazine*, says: "There is no getting away from the fact that the football authorities mean business, and I am taking this opportunity at the beginning of a new season to utter this warning on the subject. It is not the casual cigar or new hat, or such friendly trifles, which have occasioned the present position. It is the systematic attempt to associate betting with football all over the country that is being fought." The reason such an attempt is being fought is to avoid the suspicion of games being influenced by players who may stand to win or lose on the result.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of coupons issued weekly during the football season. In a concrete instance in Liverpool, which was investigated with considerable care, it was ascertained that of 138,500 coupons issued in certain districts by three firms, 79,000 were returned with money deposits. In a recent police case in Newcastle, it was found that two men, new to the business, had in a few short months netted several thousands profit. An agricultural laborer, who acted as an agent for them, made £120 commission in four months. This is how some laborers live! The gigantic nature of this form of betting is not appreciated. It penetrates the

workshop and the factory, and has become to many employers of labor an intolerable nuisance. It is an easily pursued method of betting. Coupons containing the names of competing teams and all kinds of odds are issued by post or distributed by hand. The backer seldom considers for a moment the impossibility of his task, and the heavy odds against him in every coupon. Worked out mathematically, he is at an incredible disadvantage. As a matter of fact, here, as in betting on the turf, tipsters and bookmakers prey upon the credulity of their patrons.

I am not surprised that his experience in inducing people to bet on horses tempted the racing man to turn his attention to football. What happens in the name of the turf is appalling. Britain's outstanding characteristic is fair play, yet it would appear that there is a very slender code of ethics on the turf. The recent libel action, *Wootton v. Slevier*, disposes of many cherished beliefs. This was an action in which Mr. Richard Wootton, one of the most successful trainers of racehorses in Britain, was accused by Mr. Robert S. Slevier, the owner of many famous horses, formerly Editor of the *Winning Post*, of forming a trainers' ring, by means of which, in a conspiracy with other trainers, he instructed his jockeys and lads to pull and otherwise ride horses so as to manipulate races for his own purposes.

As is now known, the jury found that Mr. Slevier's statements were not proven, but they appraised the damages due to Mr. Wootton's character and reputation at one farthing! Such a verdict has much significance. The evidence should make every backer rub his eyes. If betting is to obtain, it is at least essential that the "punter" should get a run for his money. Just let us see how far he does.

Mr. Justice Darling asked Mr. Edward Hulton (who, of course, was not one of the parties to the case, but was called as a witness merely because his position as a prominent owner and as proprietor of the *Sporting Chronicle* gave him power to speak from his own knowledge of some of the recognized practices of the turf): "Is there any sort of recognition on the turf that the public have any rights at all? I mean, when you run horses do you do so for your own pleasure, or is it recognized that the public ought to be informed, and that they have some kind of right to know how they are likely to run?" Mr. Hulton replied: "Of course not."

"Do you consider it," asked Mr. Slevier of Mr. Hulton, "a sportsman-like and proper thing from a racing point of view to run a horse that is unfit?" "Of course," came the reply, "you do sometimes to help to get your horses fit eventually." "Do you think it would be approved?" persisted Mr. Slevier. "Of course; it is done every day."

"I take it that the handicappers are never told by owners and trainers that their horses are not fit to run?" asked Mr. Slevier of Lord Durham. "I have never heard of such a case," replied his Lordship.

It ought to be borne in mind that most big betting coups are made on handicap races, and that the handicapper can only base his judgment on public performances. Apparently they get no assistance from owners or trainers. "Do you send to the handicappers any intimation when one of your horses is unfit that you intend to run?" Mr. Hulton was asked. "Of course I don't send and say my horse is not fit to-day, but it will be in a month."

Another aspect of the turf as interesting to the backer is that of foul riding. Mr. Justice Darling asked a

well-known trainer of horses this question: "We have heard a good deal about foul riding. Is there more of this than fifteen or twenty years ago?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that foul riding is a grave offence?" asked Mr. Sievier of Lord Lonsdale.

"Yes, certainly."

"Do you understand foul riding to be a deliberate act?"

"Yes."

There was some desire on the part of a few witnesses to explain foul riding as being due to over-eagerness, but Mr. Justice Darling commented on this excuse thus: "Suppose a rich man is over eager to get rich, and steals your watch and chain." Mr. Sievier interposed: "That exactly illustrates my point."

A frequent device of a tipster is to represent that he has inside information from the stable, and often when form is not followed in backing, it is a practice to follow the money. That is to say, if the stable is backing the horse for a large sum, the assumption is that the horse is intended to win. Mr. Wootton ruthlessly dispelled this assumption. "A trainer seldom bets in his own name," he said. And it was also stated in evidence that he frequently "bet in thousands away from the course at starting prices." Of course, there is nothing essentially wrong in this practice, but it makes the lot of the "punter" heavier.

Finally, one other case from this action. Lord Derby said, "If there was anything worse than foul riding, it was pulling horses." It was stated in evidence that "horses are not pulled under the eyes of the stewards. It is done down the course, perhaps a mile away, where it cannot very well be seen from the stands."

One could only wish that such information could be put into the hands of the countless thousands who seek

for various reasons to make money by backing horses. The reason for all this unfairness, this degradation of sport, is very simply explained. No one can make money by horse-racing. It is the sport of rich men, and rich men only. No one else can afford it. It is computed that there are from four to six thousand horses in training in this country. The annual cost of each horse is £200. The stake money run for is inside half-a-million, of which the owners provide two-thirds. Roughly speaking, therefore, it costs an owner £5 to win £1. And there is the whole secret. Those who cannot afford to do so must bet, and immediately gain and loss is involved; the gate is open to all sorts of malpractices, which establishes such a code of ethics as our examination of the Wootton-Sievier case has elicited.

Living on this business is an army of tipsters, who seek to encourage betting by post, and circular, and advertisement. I have not room to illustrate their methods, but each and all of them know a great deal less about the turf than the witnesses examined in the case referred to, and yet profess to know more. Lord Newton's Bill deals with any person who writes, prints, publishes or circulates any advertisement of any betting or tipster's business, whether such business is carried on in the United Kingdom or elsewhere, and subjects them to penalties. This would cover all football coupon betting, and the promoters of the Ready Money Football Betting Bill would be well advised to concentrate on Lord Newton's Bill. Even if the latter were passed, it would be evaded at once by the establishment of credit businesses. The only case Lord Newton's Bill cannot cover is the foreign house operating from abroad through the British Post Office.

There is no device which can prevent inducements to bet coming, as

they do now mainly from Switzerland, through the post. But it is surely within the powers of the Post Office to refuse to send letters addressed in this country to known addresses of betting offices abroad. I cannot see how this would in any way prejudice a right which we would never in this country give to the authorities—that of opening private letters. Recently the Dutch Government expelled these houses from Holland. If the houses can be removed, why not the letters? Such a course of action would, I feel sure, be welcomed by all of us who find our letter-box well peppered with these and similar circulars.

I have left myself little space to deal with the subject matter of Lord Loreburn's Bill to Prohibit Prize Competitions. Such competitions have already a long and a ludicrous history. From "Limericks" to "Bullets" they have run a merry race. They are the last expression in journalistic imbecility. They are deplored by everyone interested in the growth and progress of honest journalism. Many papers who would rather do without them, are forced into the stupid ring.

Giving evidence before the Joint Committee of both Houses set up to deal with this evil, Mr. Robert Hamilton Edwards, a director of the Amalgamated Press Limited, stated emphatically that it was quite possible for a paper to obtain a very large circulation without the incitements of competitions. Asked why the journals with which he was connected engaged in such, he replied: "Because I, as managing director of a company owning a lot of newspapers and periodicals have to come into competition with other newspapers and periodicals also offering competitions, and if we were to refrain from offering prizes similar to those offered by our rivals, we should possibly deprecate very greatly the value of our properties,

and our shareholders would call us to account for having misconducted our trust." It is self-protection that has created the variety of competitions. It is true that many, if not nearly all of the competitions, could be dealt with under the Lottery Acts, but little has been done, owing to the fact that there exist contradictory decisions of the Courts, and also that fines are entirely inadequate. Further, the suppression of one form of competition only makes way for other and more foolish types.

In the periodical press the competitions take two forms, which can be adequately described as "word" competitions and "sports" competitions. I need not illustrate either. They are both well known. They are conducted under rules which place the supreme power in the hands of the Editor. All responsibility for coupons or postal orders lost or mislaid is repudiated. Some even stipulate that evidence of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt. In the words of Mr. Russell Allen, a member of a deputation that waited upon Mr. Herbert Gladstone in 1909, "The newspaper proprietor lays £500, or whatever the prize may be, to the competitor's stipend, that his editor will not select the line (or a word or words) sent in by the competitor as the best line, and at the same time he tells the competitor that he will not guarantee that his editor will see the lines at all, and that there is no appeal whatever from the editor's decision!"

So in the "sports" competitions. The Editor's decision is binding and final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the decisions. And in some cases the Editor reserves the right to admit or disqualify any entry. It is obvious that such conditions make fraud easily possible, although I make no such charge. In the "words" competitions, there have been cases of the

prize being awarded to one competitor, and another turning up eventually to secure half, and there was another well-known case where a competitor proved he had sent in the same line as that which secured the prize, but was ruled out by the judge on the basis of the above rules.

In dealing with football coupons, I remarked on the difficulty of determining their number. So, too, with these competitions. The number engaged in them is enormous. One newsagent received an order for 1,000 copies of *Answers*. It happened to be a double number, and therefore cost 2d. The total cost was thus £8 6s. 8d., and after removing the coupons the copies were returned. A few weeks later a similar order was given by the same person. There are more kinds of intemperance than indulgence in alcohol. The results of such competitions must be bad. I know they are telling heavily against honest journalism. Several important papers are anxiously awaiting the result of the appeal in the case of "Bounties" competition. Unless the appeal is dismissed, they will be forced into the welter, much against their inclination, but assuredly if they are to survive.

Now the members of the Committee, before which Mr. Edwards gave evidence, came to very notable conclusions. They reported that they considered no good purpose was served by the multiplication in newspapers and periodicals of prize competitions on subjects of little or no literary, artistic, or scientific interest, and in which the element of chance must almost inevitably enter. They stated that they believed that prize competitions of this character encouraged a spirit of gambling and speculation, and they concluded that the only effectual way to attack this kind of prize competition was to strike at the root of the evil. They therefore recom-

mended that it should be made illegal for any proprietor, publisher, or editor of any newspaper or periodical to charge any form of entrance fee, including the purchase and return of coupons for prize competitions in his paper. In a word, that is Lord Loreburn's Bill. It is a measure to preserve the press of the country for its great mission, instead of making it the channel through which imbecility run loose may flow.

What is the attitude of the Government to the Bills? Lord Newton's was starred by the Government in the Session of 1912, but was crowded out last session. The Home Office is pledged to a measure which embraces Lord Loreburn's. Indeed, I understand that such a Bill is already prepared and is waiting a favorable opportunity to be introduced. If Lord Newton's Bill became law, the Football Bill would not be necessary.

I feel absolutely convinced that the Government should address itself to this grave problem. It is not realized how much waste is perpetrated by the vice of betting and gambling. There are, for example, only some fourteen days in the year, excluding Sundays, when there is not a horse race in the United Kingdom. There is an equivalent of about 550 days' racing in the year. There is the football season. And in addition to these, there is betting on pigeons, whippets, golf, cricket, bowling, &c. Continuously from week to week there are the newspaper competitions. I have calculated that at least £75,000,000 annually changes hands on the turf alone. If everything is included, the amount on a conservative estimate cannot be less than £100,000,000.

All our social legislation is tending to promote thrift, sobriety, industry. Yet here is an enormous leakage, spent on what cannot bring any permanent satisfaction to those involved. A bet is a

stake upon chance for gain without labor. I have shown how the chances are loaded against the participator. There are many quick enough to realize the credulity of a public which rushes in where the off chance of making money or receiving a valuable prize is concerned, and they proceed to pluck the pigeons by the specious arts and wiles of the rogue. Lord

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Newton's Bill would stop the plucking, and it rests with the Government to make it an Act. That would be the first and easiest step, as the House of Lords has already passed the Bill twice without amendment. And if it could be passed before the end of March, the next flat-racing season would not be so much as usual a flat-catching one, too.

J. M. Hogge.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Hills Beyond.

In October of that year, when the heat and the strife were over and Roger's pieces had been sold at famine prices, and his looms were clattering in noisy contrast to the patient throb of the water wheel, there was a second summer, cooler than the first and packed with magic. Wherever a tree had drooped beneath the pitiless heat it found courage now to put glad colors on. The sycamores took one color, the rowans another; the beeches, with the sunlight through their leaves, were red as with flame. Underfoot were the green leaves of ash, that never wait to give battle to the frost, but fall at the first encounter. And the hills were lit with wonder—blue skies melting into the purple of the moor-edge—the gold, charitable sun by day, and by night the hunter's moon that seems wife to daylight.

All was going well with Roger. The superstition of the fathers would not let him acknowledge as much, lest he boasted untimely; but his heart was singing, as it had not sung since first he built his mill. He was free to return, little by little, to the ancient haunts of snipe, and grouse, and partridge flying, brave and wild, out of gunshot reach. The old life called

him, as a mother calls to a tired bairn. He was weary of the mill. As long as he lived he would loathe the smell of hot oil, the feel of a sheep's wool. His penance was nearly done, and afterwards—just the free sky, and the scent of wind among the bracken.

Mrs. Holt, for her part, was busy in her garden. The pansies—her special care at all times—needed clearing of the long, unthrifty growth she had not snipped off weeks ago. There were other plants, too, that needed to be moved into their winter quarters. And all derelictions were due to Susan After-Wit, who had forgotten by habit that it was unwise to go out with a chill until it turned to pleurisy. Susan was on the road to health again; and for that reason Mrs. Holt was working happily among her plants. She was, as the village cobbler said, "one o' those queer folk who believe i' spring, and next year's resurrection. For my part, I believe as far as I see—and that's the soles of a man's boots when I go tapping nails into shoe-leather."

"Well, mother?" asked Roger, meeting her round the bend where the rhododendrons were.

He asked a question as though, from start to finish of this escapade of mill-building, he had known she read his thoughts. No mother, who ever went

through the Calvary of childbirth, found a finer recompense. The tears rushed to her eyes; and, though they made no noise, they were thrifty as the stream that ran, bubbling and self-consequent, through Eller Mead to feed the Squire's prosperity.

She touched him on the arm, with grace and homage. "My dear," she said, "you've gone with your two hands into the market-place as I bade you long ago—and, Roger, I'm content. I begin even to like the smell of oil about you."

Three days later Roger was up with the dawn, and went with the best intentions in the world to look after his mill. As it happened, three cock-pheasants were feeding in the lane. They did not heed him, until he came within twenty yards of them; and then they rose, and flew for a little space, and settled into a neighboring spinney with that spread of wings, down-drooping to the trees, which roused old instincts in the Squire.

He went back for his gun, saddled Jonedab, the cob, and arrived at lile Jack Lister's gate in time to find the master of the house at breakfast.

"We're going shooting, Jack," he said, as if there had been no disturbance of the life known years ago.

"Good. Cicely's father will be here at nine. We're going to take the spinneys over Wildersome way. Have some breakfast, Roger."

It pleased them to disregard their separation. They spoke of nothing except pheasants, and guns, and promise of the weather; and when Heaton joined them and they set off for Wildersome it seemed to Roger that Eller Mill, and the fortune in the making there, were a nightmare ended by the advent of this crisp, golden morning, with all its leaves aflame and a ripe, nutty flavor in the breeze.

The sport, too, was as of old. Birds were never plentiful about Wildersome,

but Jabe o' the Barns and two cronies of his were beaters who knew how to drive every hint of feather into the open; and the cock-birds, when found, were wild as moorland grouse.

It was Heaton who disturbed the illusion about Eller Beck Mill. They were sitting under the lee of a wall, eating their sandwiches with their modest bag in front of them, when he nodded pleasantly at Roger.

"I take credit for saving your mill, though you've never thanked me," he said. "That night the military came from Halifax, you remember—"

"Oh, it was you who sent for them, sir?" put in Roger drily.

"Yes. Cicely and I were riding home late in the moonlight, and heard a great shouting round Eller Mill; and, when we saw what was happening, Cicely was all for gathering our friends together and coming to your rescue."

"She would be," assented Jack Lister, with his gentle laugh.

"Of course, she's romantic; but I saw the common-sense view of it, and sent a groom off to Halifax."

"It was kind," said Roger, "but Cicely was right after all. These little troubles are best settled within our own borders—as we settled them that night, long before the military came."

"Bless me, I understood they saved you in the nick of time."

"To be frank, they woke us from a sleep we'd earned."

"Ah, there!" Heaton looked down the years, yielded to the half-smiling, wholly pathetic self-contempt that had haunted him since he married, not a woman, but her money. "I usually blunder, somehow."

"Not when pheasants are going like a gale's wind," said Roger with quick compunction.

"True, lad. I ought to do nothing else but shoot—it's the one thing in life I seem not to bungle."

The next moment he had shaken the

black dog off his shoulders, and was telling a racy tale of bygone times; and, when Roger parted from them at four of the afternoon and swung down the track to Marshcotes, he thought that Heaton had not been so merry, so boyishly at play, since he had known him first.

It was all wonderland to him, this ride through the old moor that showed a new face at every turn. He remembered the mill, his work there—day after day so full of labor that he scarcely heeded the passing of the seasons. He recalled, with a humorous wonder at himself, the money made already, and the bigger fortune in the making. Little by little he would earn more shooting days, until he could afford to sell the business and return to the natural, sane life he knew by heart. And at the beginning and the end of this dream that rode pillion with him down to Marshcotes was Cicely, radiant as his image of her when he first knew that he loved her.

The sun went low into a frosty haze of red as he rode past the quarries; and the moon got high into her kingdom, touching the workaday, blunt outlines with the grace that is never far from men's struggles to win bread. He was free—that was the voice whispering in his ear—free to doff his oily clothes and go in tweeds again, with no debts nagging at the house of Marsh.

His way home skirted Marshcotes churchyard; and he brought Jonedab to a sudden and unwilling halt as he saw a tombstone leaning over to him with a supplication known by heart.

Some strife of the soul took him unawares as he got from saddle and saw the graven letters, clear in the mixed light of sunset and moonrise, asking him to pray for Jonathan Shaw. Here he had chosen to pray between the hours of work; and where a man has prayed it is there that God whispe's

counsel to him in a still, clear voice.

First a vivid happiness came to him. He knew beyond doubt or inquiry that his father rested very well. The shame of the debt to Adeline, the remorse that had killed his body before his time, were wiped clean away. Roger was not fanciful, and his appetite was apt to outrun his mother's larder, but to-night he heard a wind blow through his soul as if Michael, the Archangel, passed.

It was too strong a happiness for this world's needs. He had earned only a brief moment of it; and when it ended there came a sudden misgiving. Jonedab was eager to get home to stable, and when fidgeting at the bridle, slipped under the master's arm, had no effect, he tried blandishment instead, and rubbed a gentle snout about his sleeve.

Roger did not heed. There was something lacking after all in this forward hope of his—the selling of his mill, and the return to sanity. Dimly as he stood there—the moonlight very gentle with Jonathan Shaw's pleading, carved in stone, that wayfarers should think of him—it seemed that his task was not ended. With a fierceness that surprised him he resented a new call on the patience he had kept in hand so long. His fierceness died, like a fire of matchwood with no stronger fuel above it to catch fire; and he waited—not the mill-master now, but a little child who asked for guidance.

It came to him—out of the red gloaming and the blue, tranquil moonlight—that he could not sell Eller Mill. He had passed his word to the old Squire that no price would tempt him to surrender that one plot of ground.

Still, he might let the mill on a long lease, and be free of it that way. And that seemed plausible, until the stillness of the gloaming forbade this playing tricks with circumstances. At heart he knew that something was

asked of him; and, by old habit, he went down to Eller Mead, leading Jonedab by the bridle.

The Mead was quiet enough now the wheel was sleeping and the men gone home. It needed only a yielding to fancy on Roger's part to people it again with the green folk and the mysteries he had known lang syne. Instead, he saw the mill-roof, glistening with the gray, October dew. He saw the walls that he had built, and, up-stream, the moonlight shimmering on the dams that fed his looms. And quietly out of the night he knew how well he loved this mill. What else, when it had paid his father's debt?

Jonedab, longing for the stable, did not guess what was passing through the master's mind; but Roger was thinking of the men who had labored for him, the men who had stood a siege with him against folk gone mad under the oppression of heat and scanty wages. He could not sell this factory of his. He could not let it. From the silent mill there were voices crying to him that masters such as he and Greenwood were needed to sound high the note of country loyalty against the lifeless greed that was sapping the red blood of the moors.

Again he resented the new call; and again he waited, with an emotion that went deep. How well he loved this plot of ground, with all it had meant to him in the past, with all it meant in the years to come. His men needed him.

He went home to find Susan After-Wit closing the gate, because, as she explained, she had just left it open and let in Dan Roper's geese. She explained, moreover, that she feared for the mistress's garden, and added that her wits had a habit of running behind her instead of in front.

"It used to be the family failing, too, Susan," said the Squire, "but we're altering all that."

Then he helped her to drive the geese out and closed the gate, and went indoors, but could not rest there. Some voice was calling to him out of the night, and he was in the mood to hear. The day's affairs were over, the insistent claims of hurry and machinery; and now the unconquerable soul claimed its own working-time. As he went up the steep lane and out again to Eller Beck he felt the throb of human spirit calling to human spirit. He went as if a strong hand guided him. It was his hour of intuition, free of shams, clear with the Larger Sight.

The moon was frost-clear and resting on the tree-tops. Again he looked down on the huddled mill below, on the tinkling waters of the dams; and then he heard a light step coming down the slope behind him, and knew, before he turned, who came. There was no reticence, no need for it. Each had crossed too deep a gulf of abnegation to leave room for aught but candor.

"Oh, you called me, Roger, and I came," she said, in a low, even voice, "I was at Wyecollar to-day, and the groom drove me home. And all up and down the road you seemed to sit beside me. He was astonished when I bade him wait at the road-corner while I slipped down to see Eller Mead by moonlight. And, Roger, I cannot stay," she broke off, with odd inconsequence.

The years that had gone grew shadowy, like a dream of hardship ended with the dawn. They stood there, his arm masterful about her, and they listened to the song miraculous that went floating, eddying, dancing up into the high moors where freedom was her kingdom.

"Cicely," he said, by and by, "do you see the mill down yonder?"

They had each other's thoughts in keeping, these two. "Your men are needing you," she said, a sudden eager light in her eyes. "Oh, I understand. Roger—it is all so clear, somehow.

Your men are needing you, and I—am glad."

Again there was a silence, sweet as a dawn-wind and mellow as experience. Cicely was thinking that there were more roads to knighthood than the obvious tracks. The gibes she had flung at Roger during these last years showed another face. There seemed no praise that any man could earn

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more bright and starry than just that verdict, "his men needed him."

The groom was waiting, with a fidgety mare in the shafts, upon the road to Woodhouse. They did not heed. They stood and watched the moon glamour the rude outlines of the mill below; and, among the looms, they heard the fairies singing as they labored.

[*The End.*]

IRISH DRAMATISTS AND THEIR COUNTRYMEN.

The question has been asked in connection with the modern dramatic movement in Ireland, "How is it that the dramatists so often paint their countrymen and countrywomen in such dark colors?" Even in regard to that entirely genial comedy, *General John Regan*, so successful at the Apollo Theatre, some critics have complained that the author, Canon Hannay, better known as "George Birmingham," and himself an Irishman, has given us as his hero a doctor who is for ever lying, yet does not seem to be aware of the fact; a priest who allows himself to be persuaded into a public-house for "a taste of the stuff" in the full blaze of noon; a newspaper editor who is on the verge of insanity, so narrow and bitter is his mind; and a group of townsmen nearly every one of whom seems unkempt, shifty, idle, and thriftless. The fact that the play's cumulative effect upon the audience was nothing but laughter and enjoyment, not untouched by sympathy with, and even admiration for, the characters set before them, passed unheeded by these serious critics, who, in their very sincere admiration of the Irish people, forgot the queer fact that, of all men in the world, there are none who, individually, are so fond

of a joke at their own expense as the Irish. An average Englishman will submit to such a joke with comparative good humor; a Scotsman dislikes it actively; an Irishman delights in it. Who has not occasionally heard an Irishman cracking joke after joke at his own cost, and laughing at it as heartily as the most detached of his hearers?

At the same time, it may be admitted that a great deal of the modern Irish drama does present a picture before which the average playgoer may well stand aghast. Take Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*, for instance, *au pied de la lettre*, and the dislike which, even in Dublin, it excited at its first hearing is not difficult to understand. Even at a second and third, when the humor and the literary perfection of the thing are realized and enjoyed, there is still something a little wry in one's laughter over a group of Mayo peasant men and women who can make a hero of a lout whose one boast is that he has slain his father with a clout of a loy. And the same writer's pictures of morals in *The Tinker's Wedding* and *In the Shadow of the Glen* scarcely seem to cohere with the conception of an "Isle of Saints," or to bear out the flatteries

which O'Connell and scores of succeeding political leaders have poured on "the purest and finest peasantry God ever made." Even Lady Gregory, the most genial of all this group of dramatists (from whom, for present purposes, and obvious reasons, we exclude Mr. W. B. Yeats, who, as a poet and idealist, moves in the twilight of his own dreams), has put into the mouth of one of the women in her delightful comedy *The Image*, a touch of cruelty which sends a shiver through the sensitive spectator—that in which eighty-years-old Peggy, who is looking forward to meeting in Heaven the long-lost comrade and husband of her years of beauty, is asked how, even if they should thus meet, he can be expected to recognize his once blooming comrade in the phantom of skin and bone and gray hairs she has now become. The old woman's terrified answer: "Don't be saying that! Don't be putting that word out of your mouth! How dare you be putting your own bad thoughts between myself and my decent comrade?"—spoken as it was by Miss Moire O'Neill, was as poignant a thing as ever was spoken in a theatre.

When, however, we pass from the comic portraiture of "George Birmingham," the grim imaginations of John M. Synge, and the searching satire in comic form of Lady Gregory, to the work of the other leading dramatists of modern Ireland, we do verily come upon pictures so appalling as to disturb even those who most fully understand the Irishman's love of a joke at his own expense. Take, for example, that scene in Mr. Joseph Campbell's Donegal play, *Judgment*, in which the old, worn-out "light-woman," Peg Straw, after being beaten by the tinkers in the Maumglen, crawls on all fours into the cottage of Owen Ban, the weaver, to die. Owen and his wife, Nabla (who is ex-

pecting her confinement shortly), are sitting in the lamplight, when the man suddenly hears a strange sound from the loneliness outside. Let us give the picture, however, in the dramatist's own words:—

Owen (*crossing over to window and peering out between his hands*). Neither moon nor star. Only darkness, and the wind shearing. (*He turns round and stares into the almost dead fire, in a listening attitude.*)

Nabla. What's wrong with you?

Owen. I thought I heard something.

Nabla. You're always hearing things. You're tired.

Owen (*listening*). There it is again. (*A moan is heard without.*)

Nabla (*starting*). God help us!

Owen. It's a cry right enough. (*Another moan, nearer.*) There it is, come to our very door. (*He runs to the door and opens it.*) Saviour God! (*He staggers back. A heap of rags crawls in, lamenting loudly. It is Peg Straw. She is on her hands and knees. Her hair is dishevelled, and blood is streaming over her temples.*) The poor soul! Och Christ, the poor soul!

Nabla (*scrutinizing her*). It's Peg Straw! Don't let that creature over the door. She'd bring a curse on us Owen . . . a curse . . . and our first child going to be born.

Owen. Easy, woman, easy . . . easy. Quiet yourself. (*To Peg*) What's on you at all? (*Moans*) Fetch water, Nabla. This woman's in a bad way. Look at the blood.

Nabla. I turned her from my door this very morning. I know what she is, and I won't have her in the house. . . .

Owen. You'd have me put her out then?

Nabla. I'd have you keep her from this house. . . .

Owen. Bad as she is we must help her. We couldn't turn her out in that state. Fetch the water, I tell you. We'll help her if she's to die in our hands.

Nabla. I won't fetch it.

Owen. Hell's flames, I'll make you.

. . . (He grips her by the arm. He is on the verge of striking her when he recovers himself.) No, no. I couldn't, Nabla . . . I couldn't. God forgive me! (quietly). Where is it? Where have you put it? (He discovers the water-crock.) Here it is. (He empties some water into a bowl, then drags Peg into the middle of the floor and loosens her clothing. Half to himself) Well, chance brings us strange bedfellows! (On his knees, washing the blood from Peg's face) Oh, the murderers! And there's dung all over her. She's been dragged through a dung heap. God! Look at that! She's in a bad way, Nabla. I'm afraid I'll have to go for a priest and the police. What time is it?

And off he goes, leaving the wife and the dying creature together; and the scene ends in a moment of horror more sickening than any that has gone before. Even in the realistic drama of Russia and Germany there is nothing more dreadful than this picture of the deliberate brutality of a party of Irish tramps, and the unthinking cruelty of a decent Irish cottager's decent young Irish wife.

Take, again, the work of Mr. S. L. Robinson, a very sincere dramatist. Has any contemporary English playwright set before his audience anything so harrowing as the delineation, in the play called *The Cross-Roads*, of the humiliation of a bright, energetic young wife by an ignorant and brutal husband? In the second act a former lover has called upon her, and, hearing of her fate, has implored her to fly with him. She refuses. Bad as he is, she will not bring that disgrace upon her husband. Presently the husband himself enters, and with a leer flings an insult at them both, so gross that the young man rushes at him and is only prevented from killing him by the wife, who, in terror of what may happen, sends the decent young fellow away. He bids her "Good-bye, once

and for all," and goes slowly out of the door; and here is how the play ends:—

Tom. (*The husband.*) Oh! you're a clever woman!

Ellen (*in a low voice*). Don't be hard on me now, an' I after saving you from being murdered.

Tom. Was it me you saved, or was it the young man? When you pulled him off me, did you save me, or was it him you saved from being hung? Tell me that, Ellen McCarthy. (*Silence.*) Ah! 'tis aisy seen. (*Puts his hat on and goes to the door, and takes the key out of the lock.*)

Ellen (*looking round*). What are you doing? (*Frightened.*) What are you doing?

Tom. I'll tell you what I'm doing. I'm locking the door the way you won't go out after that young man: an' I'm going to step down to the village now for a sup of drink. An' then—*I'm coming back*; an' by God, I'll make you pay for this night's work, Ellen McCarthy, till you'd wish you were dead—for the black curse you brought on this farm, an' for the liking you have to the young man.

(*Goes out; Ellen remains sitting at the table, staring in front of her with sad, hopeless eyes. The key turns in the lock with a sound of dreadful finality. The curtain falls slowly.*)

Again, the emotions of the audience have been stirred to the very depths of pity, horror, and wrath by the Irishman dramatist's delineation of native brutality. And in the same writer's play, *Harvest*, we have a scarcely less revolting picture of the way in which a farmer's family has been ruined by education and the schoolmaster. One son, who has gone over to England, has forsaken his religion, and grown ashamed of his country and its people; another, in Dublin, has married a young gentlewoman, only to sponge upon her, and, in a fit of temper, to insult and assault her; and a daughter has become a harlot in London. Meanwhile, the

eldest son, who has not been "educated," is about the most foul-mouthed individual ever encountered by a British audience; while the old farmer himself—the apparent oasis of decency in a desert of its opposite—ends by setting fire to his own farm-buildings in a moment of financial stress, so that he may get the money for which they are insured. Add to these—and we will only give one more instance where many might be adduced—the culminating scene in Mr. T. C. Murray's play, *Birthright*, in which a young man, in a sudden fury of hate, rushes at his own brother and kills him, and it will be admitted that, whatever else the modern dramatists of Ireland are doing, they are not flattering the constituency to which they appeal.

This national drama of Ireland has been called a drama of pessimism; and so it is, but the point is that it is a pessimism not of weakness, but of strength. Is pessimism, asks Nietzsche somewhere, necessarily a sign of decline, of decay, of failure, of exhausted instincts? Is there not a pessimism—an intellectual predilection for what is hard, awful, evil, problematical—which is a pessimism of exuberant health and of strength? Surely one may answer that question in the affirmative and point to much of Ireland's present-day life and literature as an illustration. Whatever may be his opinion on Home Rule, no man who has known Ireland for a quarter of a century can deny that a great change has come over the country during the past few years. In Grat-tan's phrase, "The spirit has gone forth." Men say things there now on behalf of moral, intellectual, and even spiritual liberty which they would not have dared to say twenty-five years ago. It is beginning to be realized that the bodies of a people are worth looking after as well as their souls; and a new and truer self-respect is

arising and a new courage. And of the many striking manifestations of this spirit, none is more indicative of health than the fearless, remorseless, ruthless way in which these powerful dramatists decline to recognize that "all that is, is right," refuse to fall back on the Preacher's "Vanity of Vanities, all is vanity," and insist on illuminating those dark corners of the land where ignorance and superstition—not excluding that "little knowledge" which is such "a dangerous thing"—still hold sway, and exposing their ugly secrets to the light. No normally constituted man or woman can come away from seeing such plays as those alluded to above, without feeling a kind of divine rage within him, a passionate desire to see the "old order" under which such things have flourished give place to new, and a quick-witted, charming, and high-minded people get nearer to the sun. Maxim Gorki, Gerhart Hauptmann, and other writers have mirrored similar social blots in the life of Russia and Germany, and to call such men pessimists is the wildest abuse of language. It is the nervous, trembling hiding-up of such things that marks the pessimist. The more they are laid bare in all their ugliness, the better the chance of reforming them altogether.

Everyone of these plays is more or less directly founded on fact. Synge based his *Playboy of the Western World*, for example, on a story told him in the Aran Islands of a Connaught man who killed his father with one blow of a spade when he was in a passion, then fled to one of the islands and threw himself on the mercy of the natives, who, in spite of a reward which was offered, hid him till he could be safely shipped to America; and Mr. Campbell founded his dreadful play, *Judgment*, on a story told him by a man who had known Peg Straw and had been present at her wake. And much the same

will be found to apply wherever there is a realistic drama that deals faithfully with the shadows of life. There is not a country in Europe in which the spirit of wickedness is not just as fatally busy as it is shown, in these plays, to be in Munster and Con-

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naught; but happy are the lands, and hopeful is their future, where men are found brave and faithful enough to expose what is rotten to the light of day. The worst Pessimist may be the man who lives in illusions, the healthiest Optimist he who faces facts.

H. M. Walbrook.

THE FATHER OF NOVELS.

BOCCACCIO. 1313—1375.

"Prose di romanzi

Soperechiò tutti."

The six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Giovanni Boccaccio should not pass unnoticed in any land where letters are held in honor, and least of all in one whose literature owes him so great a debt as ours. According to the received tradition, he was born in 1313, eight years before the death of Dante, and nine years after the birth of Petrarch. He was the first great writer of modern prose, and the first to show how short stories should be told; he gave form to the mythological romance and the pastoral idyll; he created the novel of plot and adventure, the picaresque novel, and the novel of character; he was the first biographer of Dante, and the first public lecturer upon Dante in Dante's own Florence; he was the first to "call back Homer into Tuscany"; he did more than any other man to diffuse and popularize the study of antiquity; and he fixed in its main features the spirit of the Renaissance in Italy and in Europe. If Petrarch was the father of "Humanism," Boccaccio was its foster-father. He stamped it with its characteristic form, and he leavened with it whole classes whom the mere revival of Greek and Latin literature as learned studies would have been slow to reach. Above all, it was through him that the spirit of the new movement first influenced women—an

event of measureless significance in the history of civilization and of manners. Unwittingly and on instinct, he wove the frayed thoughts and feelings of the Middle Ages and the broken threads from the rediscovered civilization of the older world into the firm web on which we have embroidered ever since. It was a very wonderful feat—a feat all the more wonderful because he and his contemporaries were wholly unconscious of its greatness and of the momentous consequences with which it was fraught.

I.

Boccaccio's life is itself a romance. The son of one of those hard Florentine traders, all whose thoughts were set on money getting, whose financial operations covered Europe, and to whose death-bed repentances for the usury they practised their city owes no small part of her glorious monasteries and churches, the little Giovanni from his earliest boyhood felt that letters were his vocation. He "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." His unknown mother died in his infancy; his father, like Petrarch's, regarded education as merely a means to material success. The child was put early to a Latin school, and then "ad scholas arithmetici"—to a "commercial academy"—"juxta florentinam consuetudinem"; from which he was transferred to the house of a great merchant, that he might learn business.

The result was to fill his soul with a loathing and contempt for trade and traders, and, alas! with a feeling very like hatred for his stern old father and for his father's house; "La casa oscura e muta e molto trista . . . D'un vecchio freddo, ruvido ed avaro." He never forgave the parent who made him waste six years over the study of Canon Law, after he had wasted other six in business. And yet it was this very "waste" which saved him from over-much book-learning, and left his genius fresh and sound. Had he been able to follow his own bent, the author of the "Decameron" and of the "Fiammetta," like the author of the "Canzonière," would almost certainly have made the composition of Latin poetry the serious study of his life. A calamitous divorce long threatened to put asunder the language of polite letters and the language of the people. Boccaccio averted it at the most dangerous moment. He saved the Italian vernacular from this degradation, and with it all the vernaculars of Europe. His father prevented him from a dangerous familiarity with Latin. Fiammetta taught him the secret which Dante reveals to Bonagiunta:—

Io mi son un che, quando
Amor mi spira, noto, ed a quel modo
Che ditta dentro, vo significando.

From her eyes he learned his art. In his best pages—

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire.

It is impossible to say how much is *Dichtung* and how much is *Wahrheit* in the poet's own story of this memorable love. At seventeen he was sent to Naples, apparently on the business of his house. In 1338 or 1339 he fell in love, at first sight, with Fiammetta. Her real name was Maria, she claimed to be the illegitimate daughter of King Robert, and she was the wife of one

of those Counts of Aquino who had given St. Thomas Aquinas to the Church and to philosophy a century before. It is significant of the habits of a society which was reared upon many ruins, and which had seen, and daily saw, men rise and fall with the suddenness of oriental favorites, that Boccaccio, the foreign trader's son, should have been readily accepted by it, and should have dared to raise his eyes to a lady so exalted. Gallant efforts have been made to shield the honor of his mistress; but many Italian judges hold that he was her successful lover, and certainly he was a very compromising admirer. It was, he relates, at her behest that he wrote his first romance, and for her he wrote the whole group of his first stories, prose and verse. We cannot dwell upon them now, great as is their importance in the history of literature and of manners. They have many obvious weaknesses, but their influence has extended over the wide field of imaginative writing, from Chaucer's day onwards. They show the keen enjoyment of natural scenery, the power of depicting it, and the skill in adapting it as the setting of the action, which are amongst the greatest charms of the "Decameron." They display the fertility of invention and the richness of fancy which were to be the glory of Boccaccio and of Ariosto. They tell how bevy of fair women richly gay, and nymphs, whose charms are painted with a voluptuous art foreshadowing Titian, dallied in fair gardens and stately palaces, or in woods and meads as fair, with youths whose whole souls and being were devoted to love. And the love for which they live is the love of the Court of Queen Johanna—passionate, sensual, lawless, and, for all its superficial poetry, coarse and animal at bottom. It is the love of the South, and of the South in a depraved and a

degraded time. Boccaccio paints it in its various moods with amazing discernment and power. In the "Fiammetta" the heroine, who strangely bears the name under which he sings the Countess of Aquino, tells the story of a woman's passion, desertion, and repentance, as none was to retell it for centuries to follow.

What was the ending of Boccaccio's relations with the real Fiammetta we do not know. The scholars who suppose that she returned his guilty love believe that during a summer visit to Balæ (how the scene recalls older loves of the same order!) she was unfaithful to him, and that the ferocious sonnet in which he declares his hope that, in punishment for her ingratitude, he may live to see her old, wrinkled, and hideous was his revenge. There is at least nothing in his character to make the supposition improbable. A woman is the victim in the very worst of the many stories of brutal vengeance he tells, and her tormentor is a scholar and a gentleman whom she had injured and rejected. As he gloats over her bodily anguish he declares that, had she escaped this physical punishment, he would have so chastised her with his pen that she would have torn out her own eyes for very shame. "The power of the pen," he affirms, "is far greater than those fancy who have not known it in the proof." The boast is worthy of Pietro Aretino. So is the "Corbaccio," which Boccaccio, truly or falsely, says he wrote to torture a lady who had slighted his advances. It is a rabid satire upon her, and upon women in general; a work of rare knowledge, insight, and malignant vigor, but unclean enough, and unmanly enough for Swift at his worst. The savage chastisement which he meted out to his old patron, Niccolò Acciaiuoli—that other Florence merchant's son who rose to be Grand

Seneschal of Naples, who governed the kingdom for long years, and whose monument is the Certosa of Florence—shows that, even after the author of the "Decameron" had become a serious and a pious man, he had no scruple about revelling in revenge. "Je nageais dans ma rage," says Saint-Simon in a memorable page. The words of the Abbé de Rancé's grave penitent exactly describe the temper of Boccaccio.

II.

In the fullness of his powers, sharpened and ripe through long and varied experience of Courts and of cities, and from the diligent study of all sorts and conditions of men, Boccaccio gave the "Decameron" to the world. It established for ever the dominion of the modern languages over their Latin rival. A comparison of the prose of this great masterpiece with the prose that preceded it shows, at a glance, the need and the completeness of the achievement. There was already great prose in Italian, as there was in French and in Castilian. There was the prose of the "Fioretti" and of the religious writers; there was the prose of Villani, and the prose of Dino Compagni. But none of these is literary prose. They were to endow literary prose with its purest, its raciest, and its soundest elements. They have notes which are unequalled, but their compass is limited. They are naive, or they are uncouth. Dante had thought out the theory of a literary prose; of a "volgare illustre" which should unfold the latent excellence of the spoken language, and reveal its power to express the loftiest and the most original thoughts, "almost as they are expressed in Latin itself." But beautiful and musical though his own prose is, it is still the language of the student and the scholastic. It is addressed to the people;

we may question whether it was understood of them.

Boccaccio, not Dante, was the "fabbro del parlar materno" who created the "volgare illustre," and bequeathed it to the world. In the "Decameron" Italian prose attains at a bound full and conscious command over the whole realm of thought. Nothing is too high for it, and nothing is too low. It has become all things to all men, as the language of every great civilization must. Boccaccio wields it with the exultation of a master, but not always with a master's restraint. He strives to do better than well. He cannot, or he will not, hide his art. He writes, it has been well said, like Cicero when he is thinking like Plautus. The incongruity between the continuous roll of his stately periods and the light adventures they relate occasionally jars. They are woven with the nicest calculation and their rhythm is unsurpassed, but they often fail in movement and in spontaneity. Often; but not always. When his subject really stirs him he drops the toga; and stands forth a Satyr, naked and unashamed, but full of nature, life, and fire. The merits of his youthful writings, heightened and matured, shine again in the "Decameron"; the defects have largely disappeared. The wearisome pseudo-classical apparatus is laid aside. The stories are short and pointed; the scenes, the characters, and the dialogue are varied and often lifelike. They sparkle with wit; they abound in humor—broad and farcical as in Fra Cipolla's inimitable sermon and in the adventures of Calandrino, or fine, cynical, and *schalkhaft* as Heine's, in many a comment on incidents in the tales, or on the thoughts they suggest to the listeners.

III.

Was it cynicism, or the straining after effect, or some deeper motive,

which made him choose as the background for his ribald fancies the plague-stricken city and all its horrors? The company who tell the tales, the "pietose donne" ready to melt over a love story, and the "discreti giovani e valorosi," their gallants, deliberately follow a course which Boccaccio brands as selfish and inhuman. He records how some of the Florentines, "di più crudel sentimento," fled house and home and city, "caring for nought but themselves." The "onesta brigata" take flight and surrender themselves to the delights of a joyous *villeggiatura*. He has no word of rebuke for them. He uses all his art to depict the exquisite pleasures which life in noble palaces and lovely gardens, which frescoes and flowers and statues, delicate foods and deft service, music and song and dance, mirth and jest and youth bring to them. Over all is the glory of the Tuscan May. Trees rustle and fountains babble, as they trip over the dew to the morning song of the birds. Below lies Florence in her desolation and her agony—their home from which they have just come out, and to which they must presently return. The grim foil is indeed complete. Is it altogether legitimate? Or is this flower of the earliest Renaissance already touched with the blight of the baroque?

But great a work of art as the "Decameron" is, it falls infinitely short in one respect of its first splendid offspring, our own "Canterbury Tales." The "avvedute donne" and their cavaliers are lay-figures, all of a pattern. If their stories do not reflect their individual character, it is because they have none to reflect. The Pilgrims live and breathe. Their tales belong to them, and take substance and color from them. In the stories themselves Boccaccio is happier. The serious personages are, indeed, hardly less wooden than the narrators; but the

comic actors are studied from the life. But even they lack the intense reality, the independent personal existence, which animates the first children of English genius. They are real with the reality of Molière, but not with the reality of Chaucer and of Shakespeare. The vital spark which gives that is the supreme prerogative of our literature, and is rarely found outside it. One more remark must be made on the "Decameron." It can no more be accepted as a faithful picture of average Italian morality in the fourteenth century than the plays of Wycherley and Congreve can be accepted as such a picture of average English morality after the Restoration, or certain French novels as true representations of contemporary French life.

IV.

Some eight years after he had finished his greatest work, Boccaccio underwent an extraordinary religious experience. A dying monk, whom he had never known, a reputed saint, sent him a message warning him to repent of his sins, and particularly of his licentious writings, and the monk, to accredit the message, revealed to the poet thoughts which he had never uttered. Boccaccio accepted the admonition, and gave the best proof that his conversion was sincere. He wrote no more in the style of the "Decameron." He confessed its immorality, which he had so hardily denied: he besought Maghinardo de' Cavalcanti not to give it to the ladies of that family: he expressed deep contrition for having told stories so corrupt. His character made his conversion easy. There was about him none of the inordinate vanity and the unfathomable insincerity which render that of Petrarch so dubious—and so amusing. He was very simple, very modest in his estimate of his own attainments and his own work, nobly and touchingly generous

in his judgment of others. He loved and honored Dante with his whole heart; he was proud to be the very humble friend and admirer of Petrarch. He had, however, the courage to rebuke that illustrious personage for his ill-concealed envy of the older poet and for his interested servility to the Visconti. For all its proneness to revenge, Boccaccio's nature had its tender side. Few letters have come down to us more beautiful or more moving than that in which he tells how the prattle and the pretty ways of Petrarch's little granddaughter renewed his grief for a darling daughter he had lost. He had several natural children, all of whom died young. "We believe," he writes in another letter, "that children who die at these years become angels." The "Angelic Doctor" would have smiled at such an error, but smiled, we fancy, very sweetly.

V.

The "Decameron," like Boccaccio's other writings before his conversion, presents a paradox which haunts the course of the Renaissance. It is a thoroughly immoral book, and Boccaccio well knew that it was scandalously immoral, when he wrote it. That is proved out of his own mouth by passage after passage in the introductions, and by the elaborate excuses of the "Conclusion." It was written for women and, apparently, to corrupt women. "Principe Galeotto" is its old sub-title, and not without cause was it named after the book which wrought Francesca's fall.¹ Yet the first story opens with the devout sentiment that, as all actions should begin in the holy name of the Creator, so should this collection of tales. The volume ends more piously still. Boccaccio affirms his belief that through the "pietosi

¹ Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse. Inf. V., 137.

prieghi" of young and noble ladies. and not through any merits of his own, Divine grace has aided him to complete his task, and he records his thankfulness to God and to them. The ladies and gentlemen who relate the stories and the personages in the stories constantly interlard obscenity with religion. The narrators are young unmarried men and women, persons of honor and conduct. They tell these tales to each other in a mixed company. Some of the worst and crudest are put in the mouths of the "onestissime donne," and the blushes and giggles with which they greet the more grossly indecent passages show that these were heard in no spirit of naive innocence. Yet these ladies and their companions are not merely "onesti"; they are religious after their fashion. They abstain on Fridays, though abstinence foods are "alquanto tediosi alle più genti," and, in honor of the Passion, they think it meet to devote the day "rather to prayer than to story-telling." Abstinence and no stories is also the practice on Saturdays. The ladies wanted time to wash their hair on that day, but they also desired to show reverence to the "Vergine Madre del Figliuol di Dio," and to honor the coming Sunday, on which they duly go to church and hear Mass, before they resume their most unedifying pastime. But that is not all. The characters in the stories pray to God and the saints for success in lawless loves, and thank them for the happy issue of such amours. The lady listeners approve, and echo the petitions on their own account. No doubt the picture is exaggerated, but it is not wholly false. That is established by the attitude of Boccaccio himself, and by the attitude of numbers of men and women right down to the time of Benvenuto Cellini and afterwards. Raphael's life, when he was painting the "Disputa," is a

startling illustration of its truth. Intense and sublime religious feeling glows in that incomparable representation of the holiest of Christian mysteries. No other work of human hands seems more profoundly imbued with faith, with worship, and with awe. Yet the man who conceived and who wrought this exalted vision of the things that are not seen, scribbled sonnets upon his studies for it, which show that, while he brooded over it, he was also and at the same moment giving his mind to a sensual and illicit passion. It has been said that the "Decameron" rears the standard of revolt against mediæval asceticism. Yes, but the rebels believe in asceticism. How did they reconcile the service of the world, the flesh, and the Devil with the beliefs they professed? The idea that in most of them the profession was sheer hypocrisy will not, we suppose, commend itself to thinkers who know much of the Southern temperament, or of the human heart.

We cannot pretend to offer a satisfactory explanation of the fact; but, in some way or other, they did contrive to think and to live upon two different moral planes. The antinomy is not indeed peculiar to them. It is not peculiar to any nation or to any age. It still endures. Never has it been presented with more penetrating clearness and force than in a searching letter which appeared in *The Times* two years ago.² In that astonishing piece of self-revelation one of the keenest observers of our more subtle self-deceptions states it with uncompromising directness, and tells how it weighed upon him as he framed the plot of "Vanity Fair." It is as old as St. Paul and Ovid, as old as Plato, as old as is man's consciousness of sin.

² See Thackeray's letter of September 3, 1848, to Mr. Robert Bell, published in "The Times" of July 17, 1911, by the courtesy of Mr J. Parker Smith.

But the generations of the Italian Renaissance obtrude it upon us more

The Times.

instantly than others, and Boccaccio, perhaps, most instantly of all.

THE BEGINNING OF RED MC NIEL.

BY HIS HONOR JUDGE PARRY.

"Wealth is the Waster of Intelligence;
but

Poverty is the Patron of Learning."

The Sayings of John Honorius, 1685.

The end of Red Mc Niel is part of our Empire story. You may read his life under the title "Mc Niel, David Angus (1840-1902)" in our national biographical mausoleum. But you will only find there the well-remembered facts of his life, the account of his Governorship of Ptomania in Central Africa, his plantation and sanitation of the desert, and the building of the great city of Gastrique, his wonderful scholarship, his facility in Continental languages and native tongues, his high imperial ideals,—all these are worthily treated, but there is scarcely a fact told us about his early days.

We learn that he joined the Dilatory Office in 1881 as Assistant Secretary and was made Governor-General of Ptomania in 1882. There he ruled for twenty years, a beneficent despot working himself to death for the glory of the Empire. When the Dilatory Office sent him instructions of which he did not approve he countersigned them "Basketed. D.A.M." And from this playful habit he was known in the Service as "Dam Mc Niel." But the public called him Red Mc Niel and the natives the Red Lion, from the distinctive coloring of his hair.

All that the books tell us of his early career is that he was special correspondent of "The Cormorant" in the Russo-Turkish war and afterwards wrote the "Letters from Plevna."

It was Everard Copley who found in the Dilatory Office a minute of his original appointment. That strange

personality John Honorius was at the bottom of it. And really when one considers how honorable the affair was to all concerned and the good results of it, the fact that it necessitates a confession of official irregularity should not weigh against the public interest of the curious story. I myself feel no hesitation in setting it down, for when I was at Gastrique, in 1896, at the opening of the Law Courts, I was the guest of Mc Niel himself, and after dinner he told me with great frankness of his meeting with John Honorius and how it came about. In the morning he reminded me that it was confidential, but he expressly limited the term of privacy to his own lifetime. "Indeed," he added, "I should like some day that the world may learn what they and I owe to John Honorius."

You may remember that in the 'seventies the political world was troubled by rumors of disagreement between England and Russia. A great English poet had penned an ode which was sung by patriots in halls of music, and feeling ran high. The causes of the uneasiness were obscure to the populace—it was enough for them to carol the poet's chorus with nightly enthusiasm—but in diplomatic circles it was known that the real trouble lay in the Polar Regions. Lord Wyngates was then permanent Secretary at the Dilatory Office. Anxious to know something of the matter at first hand, he organized an amateur whaling expedition. On his return he landed at Riga, made a rapid cross-country journey to St. Petersburg and returned home with a secret treaty. This embodied in a practical form his great

theory of the Freedom of the Frigid Zone. The idea was for both high contracting parties to guarantee that any north polar land where the temperature was less than 28 degrees Fahrenheit could not be the subject of ownership. Of course it was to be open to any Power to annex land in the summer, but they were bound to attach to the flag-pole, marking their claim, a self-registering thermometer. When the mercury fell below 28 degrees the flag fell with it. The scheme is still known in the inner circles of diplomacy as the Wyngates' doctrine of automatic annexation.

At this time—it was I think the autumn of 1881—Lord Thurston was Secretary to the Dilatory Office. He had held many subordinate offices before he entered the Cabinet. He was a stout amiable opportunist of over sixty, and it was his proud boast when he ended his long official career that his name had never been connected with any legislative enactment. His father had made a large fortune in Covent Garden in the importation of dates, raisins, and foreign fruit, and the firm still continued to do a flourishing and increasing business. Lord Thurston was therefore naturally regarded as one who had a peculiar interest in foreign affairs, which were so often in those days entrusted to the Dilatory Office. Moreover, it was believed that he could talk French.

He was always punctual in affairs and made it his duty even in September to be at the office once a month. He was sitting in his room dozing over an early edition of the evening paper when to his great surprise Lord Wyngates entered full of vigor and bustle.

"And where do you spring from?" he asked; "I thought you had another fortnight's leave."

"I have; but I returned this morning."

"Where from?"

"From the Polar Seas; but I took St. Petersburg on my way home, and I have something for you."

"Not about the Polar Seas, I hope," said Lord Thurston, laughing. "Haven't you seen 'Punch'?"

"I have seen nothing for the last four days but the sea."

"They had me in a capital cartoon, up to my knees in the Arctic Sea, with polar bears and icebergs all round—but the title was best"—his Lordship laughed good-humoredly—"Thurston in hot water.' Hot water! Ha! ha! I call that good."

"Then the Polar Question is to the front again."

"I should say it was," said Lord Thurston. "Italy and Sweden, both secretly encouraged by Russia, of course, have annexed the same iceberg, and the Opposition says it is our iceberg and wants to know if the British lion is dead. Oh yes, the Polar Question is going strong, I can tell you."

"I am glad of it," replied Wyngates, with a ring of triumph in his voice, "for in my pocket I have the final solution of the whole matter."

Lord Thurston smiled polite unbelief.

"I have a plan," repeated Lord Wyngates solemnly, "for settling the Polar difficulty for ever and ever."

"A plan we can go to the country on?" asked Lord Thurston more hopefully.

"Ultimately, yes," replied Lord Wyngates. "What do you say to the Freedom of the Frigid Zone?"

There was a look of wonderment in the Minister's face; a long pause; and then his eyes twinkled slowly.

"The Freedom of the Frigid Zone." He tried it with syllabic deliberation. "The Freedom of the Frigid Zone"—this time with a loud oratorical emphasis on "free" and a high note for "zone." "Excellent! I can go to the country on that. It is musical, allit-

erative—a good cry. In a political campaign alliteration is essential. There was 'Beer and Bible,' 'Bag and Baggage,' 'Free Food,' and now the 'Freedom of the Frigid Zone.' I like it. What is it all about?"

When Lord Wyngates had explained the subject of the secret treaty to his chief, the latter rubbed his hands with glee. "We must get this thing through at once, and not a word must reach the public ear until it is a *fait accompli*." It was phrases such as this tactfully used that gave him his Gallic reputation. "The Freedom of the Frigid Zone.' A grand idea, Wyngates. I thank you. The treaty you say is in Russian—have a translation of it for the Cabinet by twelve-thirty to-morrow."

Wyngates would have been within his rights under Regulation Y. 468924 in translating the document himself as it was a secret treaty, but, as he pointed out afterwards, Regulation Z. 24986 (a) intimates that it is preferable that all translations should go through the Translation Bureau. He therefore looked in on Sir Thomas Tunncliffe, K.C.B., handed him the papers, and told him a translation was to be made for the Cabinet to-morrow. Sir Thomas sent for the Hon. Guy Leopold Franks, assistant Under-secretary, well remembered as one of the best amateur actors of the 'seventies and early 'eighties. He handed him the despatch with Wyngates' orders. Looking at his watch, he found it was nearly four, so he left the building and turned east to preside over a missionary meeting in Whitechapel. Lady Tunncliffe was a missionary enthusiast; chess was Sir Thomas's hobby. He was closely followed by the Hon. Guy Leopold, who had an important rehearsal, and he threw the paper in to the rooms of Henry Longworth, C.B., as he ran downstairs. Mr. Longworth had an early whist party at Wimbledon that evening, so he pen-

cilled some instructions on the back and gave it to O'Gormon the messenger to take to the Junior Clerk's room. It was never settled whether it was Arbuckle's duty or Makewait's to undertake the translation. That turns on the construction of Regulations M. 4594 and S. 37129 and the fourteenth paragraph of the Dilatory Office Practice Report. The matter is the less important, perhaps, in that neither of the gentlemen knew any Russian. But McQuade, a second-division clerk, was supposed to have studied the language, and Arbuckle gave him the paper to attend to. It happened however that McQuade was engaged that evening to take tea with the Rev. Obed MacIntosh and his wife at Clapham. Janie Adair from Peebles was staying with them. Those who have had the privilege of meeting Lady McQuade (*née* Adair) will agree that it was reasonable that the kind-hearted McQuade should at that moment think of his poor friend David Angus McNiel. As McNiel told me himself, translating for public offices was one of the slender threads whereby in the days of his poverty he kept body and soul united. He generally called in at four o'clock at the office, and McQuade always put what he could in his way. Payment for this extra work had always been allowed by the Treasury under a minute of 4 and 5 William and Mary, which now appears to have been cancelled.

I have read the draft report of the Departmental Committee appointed to inquire into the loss of the Secret Treaty. It was never published. Everard Cobley however lent me a copy with the express permission of his chief. There is nothing in it I did not know before. The large volume of evidence and the forty pages of report only tell you this:

(a) On Wednesday, September 17, 1881, the sole copy of the Secret Treaty between England and Russia was

handed to David Angus McNiel for the purpose of translation.

(b) On Thursday, September 18, David Angus McNiel disappeared.

(c) The Secret Treaty was never discovered.

(d) A proposal by the Committee in March 1882 to examine David Angus McNiel himself on the subject before he went to Central Africa to take up his Governorship, was disallowed by Lord Thurston.

Note.—The name of John Honorius does not occur at all in the pages of the report.

When it was discovered the next morning in the office that the Secret Treaty was lost, and that McNiel had disappeared from his Bloomsbury lodgings owing arrears of rent, there was a good deal of natural excitement among the staff.

McQuade took the matter philosophically. The habit of his superiors throwing their difficulties upon his shoulders was no new thing. As he said with quiet sarcasm, in reporting the matter to Arbuckle, "I cannot do the whole work of the office without some outside help." Arbuckle and Makewait had a wordy argument as to whose duty it was to report the matter to Longworth, C.B. At length they collaborated in a duet and received their wiggling from their superior with sympathetic attention. It was wanting in forcible language, perhaps, for the speaker was mentally rehearsing his apologies to the Hon. Guy Leopold during its delivery. Longworth's interview with the Hon. Guy Leopold Franks was short and stormy. The latter swore openly at his junior, thereby breaking Regulation D. 40827 and giving him a right of dignified exit which Longworth quickly accepted. When Franks reported the affair to Sir Thomas Tunncliffe, he received it with calm resignation and an outward show of sympathy for Franks.

"Some one will have to go, over this matter," he said. "It means resignation."

He eyed Franks as though of necessity he was cast for the part of the sacrificial victim.

"But why should I be the one?" stammered the Hon. Guy Leopold.

"I am not going to resign," said Sir Thomas with the marked accent of certainty on the personal pronoun. "Longworth is useful in the office. I am sorry for you; but who else is there? Of course you will have a nervous breakdown and doctor's orders. I will refer you to the precedents later on."

He rose and went direct to Lord Thurston, who was closeted with Lord Wyngates. There was no recrimination here over the disaster. High officials never blame each other for failure in public duty. This is not governed by regulation. It is the unwritten law of the Government Office.

Scotland Yard was sent for and put on the track of McNiel. The resignation of the Hon. Guy Leopold Franks was decided upon not without satisfaction. His flamboyant manner of dress and a strange habit of whistling popular airs in the cold lonely corridors of the Dilatory Office had not endeared him to his chiefs. These things achieved, you saw the office at its best. From highest to lowest, each sat at his appointed desk with hands folded waiting for the storm.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. Lord Thurston walked across St. James's Park. Nothing had happened. The sun shone, the children played on the grass, and yet at any moment . . . His Lordship sat down on a seat at the edge of the lake. He became aware of the fact that a little old man with a wealth of white hair and bushy eyebrows, in old gray loose-fitting clothes, was feeding the ducks just in front of him. When the last piece of bread was

thrown he came towards Lord Thurston, and, seating himself with a low bow, said in a soft voice, "Peace be to this seat!"

Lord Thurston moved his head slowly by way of greeting and frowned annoyance.

"My lord, you are in trouble; I should like to help you," continued the stranger, his kindly brown eyes shining with sympathy.

"I do not know what you mean," said Lord Thurston shortly.

"You need have no secrets from me, Lord Thurston," continued the stranger, drawing nearer to him on the seat. "I know your trouble. An important paper is lost from the Dilatory Office and it must be found at once."

"How do you know that?" cried his Lordship, startled out of his composure.

"There is an official denial of the rumor in 'The Echo,'" replied the stranger calmly.

"And who are you, sir?" said Lord Thurston, half rising and looking at the little man in angry contempt: "and what do you mean by forcing your conversation upon me about affairs of state?"

"I am John Honorius."

Lord Thurston fell back on the seat. John Honorius! He had heard of this strange being from the Duke of Ullswater. The mystery of the Prince's umbrella and the scandal surrounding the Duke came to his mind, and he remembered his friend saying: "If it had not been for John Honorius I should have been an exile in disgrace."

"You have the friendship of the Duke of Ullswater?" asked Lord Thurston, gazing with deep interest at the little man.

"My pleasure is in the service of others, and those I serve are kind enough to call me friend," replied John Honorius.

"I accept your offer, sir," said Lord

Thurston, rising. "I believe you have the will to help me at least," and he held out his hand to him.

"I make no boast," replied John Honorius as he took his Lordship's hand; "but I remember the saying of my great ancestor—it is a quaint clinch—"Those that will, shall: those that shally will not."

"We will not shally then," said Lord Thurston, laughing, and they walked straight across to the Dilatory Office.

After learning the facts of the case in detail John Honorius asked for a document in blank of the weight, size, and *format* of the missing treaty. This was outwardly endorsed by Lord Wyn-gates exactly as the other had been. John Honorius made a great point of this being accurately done. When it was finished he put the paper in his breast-pocket and, bidding their lordships farewell, said as he left the room, "To-morrow at twelve o'clock I bring you the man McNiel."

Scotland Yard was scouring Blooms-bury, but John Honorius made a bee-line for Fleet Street. At half-past five he was at the office of "The Cormorant." He remembered McNiel's letters from the front and the volume on Plevna. Johnson, the editor, was out, but was expected back every moment. John Honorius agreed that he would wait, and was given temporary occupation of the editorial throne in a little back room behind the public office. A litter of papers and pamphlets strewed the desk. On a shelf a few directories, almanacks, and books of reference and some personal volumes of the editor.

Among these books was the "Letters from Plevna," a presentation copy from D. A. M. John Honorius pulled it down eagerly. On the first page was a portrait of his quarry. Not a difficult individual to recognize. A large-limbed, careless, handsome Scot, full of mettle and character, robust and

upstanding. The peculiarities of the face were the high cheek-bones, the wide nostrils, and wealth of strong curly hair. In the splendid trappings of the Scottish bodyguard he might have been another Le Balafra.

John Honorius gave a sigh of relief as though his task was over, and threw himself back in his chair and was soon deep in the entertainment of the book. The editor of "The Cormorant" remaining in expectancy, the hours sped along, and still the careless John Honorius read and chuckled over the "Letters from Plevna," and the more he read the more he chuckled, for he had formed a theory, and every page he turned over crystallized the theory into fact.

If there was one thing that could draw away John Honorius from the trail of duty it was the solution of a problem. He could not rest patiently on the threshold of a mystery. One of his favorite quotations from the Book of Sayings was: "Life is a Riddle, but the Answer to it brings Peace."

St. Paul's rang seven. Within a few moments of the last stroke of the bell a big man rushed through the office and burst noisily into the editor's room. His eyes were wolfish; his coat, buttoned close to the neck, and showing no wristbands below the cuffs of his sleeves, told the old story. John Honorius flung the "Letters from Plevna" hastily under the table.

"I'll take your beastly fifty pounds!" cried the gaunt hungry man in angry tones—his eye caught John Honorius—"Who the devil are you?"

John Honorius jumped up and cried aloud joyfully, "McNeil! David Angus! to think that we meet again!"

"Meet again be hanged," replied McNeil. "Where is Johnson?"

"And he no longer remembers me! He the savior of my life! Have you forgotten the night in the trenches? *Batyushka*, the little father, he who

threw his coat over me;—here, in the midst of this crowded city I meet him once more. It is a miracle. Dear friend, I must embrace thee."

Suiting the action to the word, he threw his arms around McNeil and hugged him to his breast, lightly kissing him in foreign fashion on each cheek. The big man put him gently aside, but not before John Honorius had felt the paper in McNeil's pocket crackling against his shoulder.

"Now I see you remember," he cried.

"Well, at Plevna I met so many," stammered McNeil.

"It is in your book," replied John Honorius. "The night in the trenches, the little sick Russian who spoke English and whom you covered up and kept warm. I am he."

"The devil you are," said McNeil, tugging his red moustaches in surprise.

"And I claim you for to-night. We will dine in Russian style at Nikolai's. Ah, I see you know it. Come along."

"But I have business here."

"Dinner first, business afterwards"; and the little man dragged him through the office, bundled him into a hansom, and shouted to the cabman, "Nikolai!"

The cabman shook his head

"It is as well," said John Honorius, "that only men of insight know of Nikolai's, or the place might become popular." And he gave the cabman an obscure address in Soho.

Arrived at the restaurant it was clear that John Honorius was an honored guest. Nikolai himself ushered him into a small private room, and Stepan, the head-waiter, placed himself at his disposal.

"This gentleman," said Honorius, introducing McNeil, "is my friend. He saved my life at Plevna"—Nikolai and Stepan stared respectfully.—"He has travelled much in Russia. I wish to show him the best of Russia in the heart of London. I assured him it

could be found here, and yet," continued Honorius with a mock sigh. "we have arrived now over three minutes and no one has offered us *vodka*, and we have not tasted salted cucumbers."

"Da!" ejaculated Nikolai and Stepan together, and tumbled over each other to repair the error.

Once the glasses clinked over the *vodka* McNeil gave up the puzzle in despair, and settled down to enjoy the dinner ordered by the master-mind. Whilst the table was being set and the oysters which Nikolai swore had come from Flensburg that morning were being opened, a select *zakuska* was set out on the side table and McNeil started the feast with an ample allowance of *vodka* and some caviare. So McNeil ate and John Honorius babbled to him an historical accompaniment in praise of the food.

"For this," he said, "is not the caviare of commerce, but the real *ikra*—a food for Czars made from the roes of sterlets from the Caspian. Our European name is but a corruption of the Italian *caviare*, a mistaken rendering of the word *haviar*, by which name the Turks and Tartars called it ages before it came to Southern Europe. This is good *ikra*, eh, Nikolai?"

"The Count knows that I would serve him with nothing less," said Nikolai, in the seventh heaven, for the satisfaction of John Honorius was more to him than the praise of princes.

The soup was the *Ukha*, a fish soup, and directly afterwards champagne was served. Then *Kasha à la Russe*, and fresh perch with asparagus, accompanied by a reverend old Hungarian wine, that McNeil declared was milder and more homelike than the finest dew of the noblest mountain of his native highlands. This Stepan rightly interpreted as an encore, and the second bottle was even better than the first. So they ambled along the

pathway of Nikolai's *menu*. A superb roast of beef, a capon, preserves and Parmesan cheese, until they got to coffee, cigars, and once again, as a waltz returns to its opening rhythm, to *vodka*. But this time it was the true *Zape kanka*. A spiced *vodka* over a hundred years old; and as Nikolai himself placed it gently on the table John Honorius smiled approval and with a few words of graceful thanks waved him away benignly. Had the Czar himself made the fellow a *barin* he could not have stepped out of the room a prouder man.

McNeil sat blinking across the little round table at his host. Sometimes a mist came over his eyes and there were two hosts. He could not for the life of him remember why he was there and who his friend was, and he had an uneasy feeling that he had an appointment with some one in a dream, and that he was not going to keep it. He took a steady draught of spiced *vodka*. It elucidated nothing. John Honorius sat smiling across the cloth at him, as though he understood the jest if McNeil did not. McNeil was irritated. He struck the table and pushed his chair back.

"I want to know all about this," he cried hoarsely. "Why on earth am I here? Who on earth are you? and where ought I to be at eight o'clock?"

"You are my guest. Surely we have done our best. The man who saved my life deserves at least that. Have I failed to prove gratitude? Shall I ever forget Plevna and the trenches?"

"I never was at Plevna," shouted McNeil.

"But the book—the story at page 132—the little Russian who lay sick in the trenches?"

"There never was one. It is all a story. See here, little man, I will tell you the secret of my life."

McNeil leant across the table and shouted in a hoarse whisper: "I

never was at Plevna. I wrote that book——"

"In the British Museum," said John Honorius.

McNiel gasped.

"What else do you know?" he asked, looking at him with fear and suspicion.

"That you have in your breast-pocket a copy of a secret treaty, the property of the Dilatory Office," said Honorius, laughing, "and you intend to sell it to 'The Cormorant.'"

McNiel put his hand instinctively in his pocket and drew out the paper. John Honorius did the same.

"You see," said he, throwing his copy casually on the table, "so careless are these fellows that anyone who is interested in these things can pick up a copy of such a document. They are both the same, I suppose."

McNiel gazed at them with dull, muddled astonishment. The matter was beyond him. He stretched them across to John Honorius, who glanced carelessly at them, saying, "The same old treaty,—the Frigid Zone affair."

He put one in his pocket and threw the other back to McNiel.

"I still don't understand it," said McNiel, rubbing his brow uneasily. "Why am I here? Who are you, and what do you want with me?"

"You have eaten my bread and salt," said John Honorius, "and are entitled to know the whole truth. I came direct from Lord Thurston, who wants his treaty back. I bring you here to feast with me because I believe you to be a great man, and I don't want you to do a mean action for the sake of a paltry fifty pounds, and spoil your life."

"Spoil my life!" cried McNiel, with a miserable effort to laugh. "Spoil my life!"

"A mean action like that would spoil any life."

McNiel stifled a sob. There was a long pause.

"Seems to me, little man," said McNiel, regaining his composure, "you had better know what my life has been." He paused again, and then began: "My father was a Civil servant in India."

"Died of plague," said John Honorius, "in 'forty-four. A brave fellow."

McNiel nodded and continued hurriedly:

"My mother died about 'forty-eight. Then I went to an orphan school"—McNiel shrugged his shoulders at the memory. "Well, the learning was good. I became a scholar, lived at Cambridge on the proceeds of a scholarship—you know what that means."

"Ah!" sighed John Honorius—

"If ev'ry just man that now pines with want

Had but a moderate and befitting share—'

—but I ask your pardon."

"I love to hear Milton's English as well as any man," said McNiel, smiling, "but it fills no belly. So, when I left Cambridge," he continued sadly, "I travelled on the Continent, learning every language that I could, and keeping from starvation by teaching English. Then I returned to England. What had England for me? What could London offer to a man who knew every European nation from the inside—low-class journalism—hack work—translation. So I drudged and drudged and drudged in poverty, hunger, and dirt; and nobody wanted me. I could do things. Johnson suggested the 'Letters from Plevna.' They were not bad. How on earth did you find out they were not written on the spot?"

"Well, the account of the Shipka, for instance. That was the story of Thermopylae, and I rather gathered if you had been at Shipka you need not have troubled to look up Herodotus."

"I didn't," said McNiel, with his

old laugh. "I got it out of Grote."

"But the thing that settled it was the story of the trenches which you took direct out of Chakowski's 'Crimea.'"

"Yes," sighed McNeil, "that was not cricket. But I knew Chakowski, a kind fellow; Englishmen don't read Russian, and he would rather I had taken his stuff than that I should starve in this horrible city of yours. And that has been my story all the way through. I never knew those three good friends: money, means, and content. All along it has been this sort of work or starvation"—he flung off another glass of *vodka*, and raised his voice in righteous indignation. "I should like to know why I am not inside the Dilatory Office, and what is to be said for the fools who hand me over their secret papers, sweat me at shillings a week, and give me material I can turn into guineas. I'm not at all sure I'm not doing the country a service selling this for what it will fetch, and letting the country see the way they are dealt with and the kind of thing they pay their money for."

"But after all," said John Honorius, "poverty has not yet frozen the genial current of your soul; you know as well as I do that it would be a mean action and it would spoil your life."

"I've told you I've not got a life. I've never had a life."

"And you will not do it," continued John Honorius, "because you are a scholar and a gentleman and have the blessed memory of a brave father."

McNeil faltered.

"There's something about you, little man, that leads one along. I'm not generally so weak; I suppose it's the food and wine after so long a fast."

He brushed a tear angrily off his nose.

"Then you will do what I ask?" said John Honorius.

"I suppose I shall," replied McNeil wearily.

"To-morrow you will meet me at the Dilatory Office. Like a good patriot you will bring the treaty with you and hand it to Lord Thurston. He for his part will offer you as a reward a place in the Dilatory Office. Is not that a better way?"

John Honorius held out his hand and McNeil grasped it with tears in his eyes.

"I cannot understand," he said, "why one man should do this for another."

"Have you never come across love in all your life?" asked John Honorius, looking at him pityingly.

"Not before to-night," answered Red McNeil; "and now I know why it was said that 'it was the greatest of these'; but I am conquered, and I am going to do what you ask because you have convinced me it is right. I am going to do the right thing and thank you for it; but I am under no delusion. They won't give David Angus a job in the Dilatory Office, and they will be quite sane not to do so."

"And why do you say that?"

"For two reasons," replied McNeil calmly. "In the first place, I could do the whole year's work of the Dilatory Office in a month. Is that an objection?"

"Granted."

David Angus McNeil threw open his coat.

"In the second place, they are not likely to appoint a man without a shirt to his back."

John Honorius looked at David Angus McNeil and David Angus McNeil looked at John Honorius, and neither knew whether to laugh or weep, and both being sane men of sound religious education they laughed at the idea of a shirtless Governmental official in high places long and loudly and heartily, until the sound of the laughter brought

in Stepan and further and better entertainment.

There was more *vodka* in McNiel's story of the dinner and a routh of good talk between the little man and himself. McNiel well remembered Nikolai and Stepan joining them when the time came for Auld Lang Syne, but the one fact of the evening he could never remember was whether he went home in a hansom or a four-wheeler—or walked.

At twelve o'clock the next day John Honorius was seated with Lord Thurston and Lord Wyngates in the former's room. The story had been told and the matter arranged; Scotland Yard had sent in elaborate reports that there was no outward trace of McNiel on the face of the earth.

"I shall believe in your man when I see him," said Lord Thurston grimly.

At that there was a knock at the door, and the man came as the hour struck.

Lord Thurston bowed him welcome. McNiel in his rough way went up to his table and said, "Yesterday I intended to steal this paper and publish to the world the way in which your work is done and how you tempt starving men to wrong-doing. This little fellow came across me and reminded me that I was a scholar and a gentleman. Here is your treaty."

He threw it lightly on the table. Lord Thurston picked it up and held it lovingly in his hand.

"And now, Mr. McNiel, we have heard such great things of your studies in foreign parts that Lord Wyngates and myself wish to offer you a post recently made vacant by the resig-

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nation of the Hon. Guy Leopold Franks."

McNiel's eyes shone gratitude towards John Honorius.

When the appointment was signed and handed by Lord Thurston to McNiel, Lord Wyngates, who had been looking at the paper, jumped up suddenly and cried: "This is not the treaty. This is the duplicate we gave to Mr. Honorius."

"They must have got mixed last night," said John Honorius gravely, "but your treaty is in safe hands. I have read it and I do not approve of it; it is but poor child's play, and it had better be dropped. I will keep it as a hostage that you, my lords, find useful service within the Empire for the man McNiel, for I tell you straight that he is not born to the manner of the Dilatory Office. You sent me out to look for a lost treaty, a piece of secret stupidity which in your secret stupid way you offer to a man in the street who is starving. He is learned enough to do the work you cannot do; he is strong enough to deliver himself from the temptation of selling his country to provide himself with food. I shall hold your treaty until you find work within the Empire for David Angus McNiel. You lost a ridiculous bit of paper. I bring you in exchange a great man. When you have found work for my man I will return your absurd paper."

He went up to McNiel and shook his hand. "They will do it," he whispered. Then he bowed low to Lord Thurston and Lord Wyngates, and added with a smile, "in the interest of the Empire and yourselves."

Thus departed John Honorius.

OTHER PEOPLE'S TOYS.

When people grow up and become possessed of the numerous and elaborate toys for which their ambition has striven a curious change takes place in their attitude towards those who come to play with them. In the nursery the sentiment inspired by the possession of toys is, as a rule, simply selfish. The child desires to enjoy them alone, to exercise his own imagination upon them; and he is apt to look askance at visiting playmates, and to resent the suggestion that they should be allowed to play with the particular toys which are highest in his favor at the moment. But that attitude departs with experience. The most absorbed man soon finds that the amount of pleasure he can by himself extract from any particular possession is limited. If he be of a kind and generous disposition he wishes to share his pleasures; but even if he be selfish he will desire an audience to see him using his toys. In all sports that are enjoyed in association, such as hunting and shooting, this principle is active, although it is entirely sub-conscious. In addition to enjoying a day's hunting people like to show off their horses, or to have witnesses of their extraordinary and continuous propinquity to hounds. And in addition to the joy of hitting a difficult mark and all the other pleasures of the covert side, there is for the man who shoots well a certain sober joy in having other people to see it and know it. Thus it happens that the man who is possessed of toys constantly invites others who are less fortunate to share his pleasures. And it is in the interest of those who themselves are without luxurious possessions and who are continually invited to partake of the hospitality of people who have, that I would offer a few words of ad-

vice concerning the use of other people's toys.

It not infrequently happens that the man without possessions knows a good deal more about their use than the proud proprietor. Not always, of course, but often. If that be your case, my poor friend, be careful to conceal your knowledge. There was a time, perhaps, when you had motor-cars and your friend had not; and out of your large experience perhaps you taught him what little he knows about them, and started him on his career as a possessor of them. And here comes a curious instance of the influence of property. If you still possess a motor-car your pupil will, in matters connected with his own, still treat you possibly with deference, and at the least as an equal. But if you should cease, and he continue, to possess, even although your experience increases too, a change will come over his attitude towards you. He will become ever so slightly patronizing, and if you differ from him or venture to point out anything in which you think him mistaken, he will immediately take refuge in the fact of possession. He will even explain to you that his car is in some mysterious way different from others of the same class; but really the only difference is that he possesses it, that it belongs to him, that he has paid for it, and that even though his ideas about it be wrong he can afford to act as though they were right. My advice to you in these circumstances is not to argue with him; to accept the nonsense he talks and let him suppose that you agree with him. Perhaps you are driving his car; you may be an expert and he a blundering, gear-chipping beginner; but when he nervously asks, on your approaching a piece of country such as you have driven

through thousands of times, "Would you like me to take her here, as it's a bad bit of road and I know the car?" surrender your place with alacrity. Try not to be irritated or alarmed at the series of mistakes which he proceeds to commit; he really thinks that this particular car is safer in his hands than in yours, although he might admit that any other car would be safer in yours than in his. It belongs to him, you see, it is the only car he knows, and he not unnaturally thinks that its qualities are as peculiar to it as they are unique in his own experience.

There is perhaps a certain rough justice in all this, because it often happens that the man who spends the first part of his life making himself expert in the appreciation of luxuries must spend the second part of his life in going without them. The man who has them is the man who was doing something else while you were studying them. He may be a boor and a duffer in his use of them, but he has got them, and you must remember that all your knowledge and experience in their use will be lightly esteemed by him unless you have got them too. It is a nice point for you to consider whether you would rather be cultivated in the knowledge of beautiful or luxurious or amusing things without possessing them, or possess them without knowledge. The combination of both states is rare. How many men who possess a fine cellar of wine have a real palate, or could tell the difference between a Corton and a Romanée? And how many men who have a really discriminating palate possess a cellar of wine? If you have known what it is in youth, when according to copy-book rules you should have been saving money, to spend your whole available capital upon a meal and a bottle of old wine, you are not likely to be rich in your

old age. Not rich in money, I mean; you may be rich in knowledge, and must comfort yourself with the reflection that possession does not imply either knowledge or understanding of the things possessed. It is really better, if you have the strength of mind, to abstain altogether from playing with other people's toys, and merely to look on at their attempts to enjoy themselves, and applaud. But it is not everyone who can resist the temptation to enjoy the good things which are offered to him. So if you ride your friend's horse be prepared to learn afterwards, if he commits any fault, that he is a very discriminating animal who knows very well when anyone is on his back with whom he can take liberties. If your friend sails his yacht within a bowsprit's length of someone else's main boom, it is a tricky and expert piece of steering; but remember that if you do it you will be held to have had a narrow and fortuitous escape from disaster. If he takes a long shot in his own deer-forest and misses, well, it was a justifiable risk; if you do so it was an impossible shot which ought not to have been attempted. Do not suppose for a moment, when your friend hideously vamps upon his new Steinway grand, that what he wants is to hear its tone brought out, and that he would enjoy it more if you, with the most exquisite artistic finish, should perform an impromptu of Chopin. He would be merely in a state of fidgets and ill-concealed impatience until you had finished, when he would make haste to take your place as one who should say, "Now let us hear the real tone." He does not want to hear beautiful tone; he wants to play upon his own piano, and to hear with his own ears the noises which he makes with his own fingers.

Apparently, from all this, the man who understands things without pos-

sessing them comes off much worse than the man who possesses them without understanding; the one has all the suffering and the other all the fun. The only consolation for the non-possessor lies in the knowledge that if his friend has the accident of possession, he has the certainty of knowledge; and there are many things

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which it is better to understand than to possess. The ideal thing is to do both; although sometimes I think it is only the things which we understand that we can be said to possess, and that the only things which we can really understand are the things which we truly love.

Nelson Young.

THE GREATNESS OF ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

The sudden passing away of a great man often lets loose a flood of sentimental or dramatic appreciation which obscures for a time the real significance of his life. This has been the case with Alfred Russel Wallace. The numerous obituary notices would have us believe that his fame was founded and will rest upon his discovery, coincident with that of Charles Darwin, of the origin of species by natural selection. The marvel of these two minds, working entirely independently, but led by the same clue, Malthus's "Principles of Population," to the same novel and audacious conclusion, was indeed well calculated to impress the unreflective mind. The pleasant and creditable story of the joint-publication of their discovery to the Linnean Society in 1858, and of the cordial relations existing between the "rivals," gave the glow of generous feeling required to touch the imagination. But to most people Wallace had never been more than a figure of vague importance, a great naturalist, who, since Darwin's death, had become the representative sage in this department of learning. In point of fact, there was nothing marvellous about the coincidence of the discovery. In the first place, it was not coincident, for though Wallace, brooding over the problem of the origin of species for over ten years, seems to have had a

sudden access of illumination in 1858, Darwin had reached the conclusion some years before. The publication was indeed coincident, but it was a designed coincidence.

But even had the discovery itself been simultaneous, it would deserve no wonder. For, as Samuel Butler has clearly shown, Buffon, Lamarck, and Erasmus Darwin had between them gone far towards an exposition of the same theory unmarred by the factor of fortuitous variation, which Charles Darwin introduced; and many minds, besides those of Darwin and Wallace, were in revolt against the prevailing doctrine of cataclysmic changes, and were fumbling for the same escape. What Darwin and Wallace really did was not so much to invent a theory of evolution by natural selection, as to furnish and marshal the large and varied evidence necessary to establish it in the world of science, and to exhibit its far-reaching consequences in the life of thought. In this work Wallace was an able though an independent lieutenant. But his true service to his age was in furnishing a stout barrier to the torrent of quasi-scientific rationalism which, drawing over-freely from the new evolutionary teaching, threatened to submerge all the landmarks, not merely of dogmatic religion, but of morality and humanitarianism. For the "Ori-

gin of Species," when it had fought its way into the fortress of scientific orthodoxy, seemed likely to prove a far more subversive agency than any of the earlier forces of religious or philosophic scepticism. By definitely placing man as a specimen in natural history, body and soul, emerging by slow, continuous growth from brute creation, and by bringing biology under the same general reign of law as geology, astronomy, and the other physical sciences, it seemed destined to cancel all those higher spiritual values which formerly separated man from Nature.

Moreover, the central rôle assigned to the struggle for existence in the process of evolution towards higher types appeared to conflict violently with the humaner sentiments and policies which were slowly gaining ground in civilized communities for the protection of the weak and ignorant, and for ending the barbarities of competition between individuals and nations. For, if the ascent of man and his dominion over the rest of Nature, his environment, was compassed in no other way than by an unceasing struggle in which, seizing the happy chance of favorable variations, fitter organisms thrive and propagated their kind by out-competing less fit ones, any attempt out of pity or kindness to repress the struggle, or even to mitigate its severity, would either be a futile folly or a "sin" against the law of human progress. Poverty and its attendant starvation, war and its attendant slaughter, were painful but necessary instruments in the biological struggle for fitter organisms and a higher complexity of life! Nor was that all. Religion, art, politics, and the intellectual activities, must, in the last resort, derive any validity that they possessed from their contributions to "survival value" as psychical adjuncts to the struggle. Though biol-

ogists were slow to press these spiritual implications, and political thinkers shrank from giving full utterance to them, they none the less began to undermine the confidence with which humanitarian reformers carried on their labors for the protection of the weaker members of society and the weaker races. Even those who realized the importance of repressing the cruder and more brutal struggle between members of the same race or nation began to evolve a doctrine of social or racial efficiency which left them free to approve war and collective exploitation for the subjugation, or even the extermination, of backward or inferior races. The logic of Imperialism is still built upon this basis, avowed or implicit.

Now, the importance of Alfred Russel Wallace is that from the very outset he revolted against these extensions of the biological doctrine. He refused to hand over to Nature, "red in tooth and claw," the creation and control of man as an intellectual and moral being. Like Huxley, when confronted with the havoc which the new biology threatened to bring into the realm of human conduct, he sought an escape through the dualism of body and spirit. In the ethical and higher intellectual life of man, the physical laws of struggle and survival were superseded. How Huxley, with his keen logical sense, achieved what seems a plain breach of continuity in evolution, always remained unintelligible. But Wallace's escape from the intolerable grip of biology is more easily understood. From the first, there evidently arose in his mind a difficulty in believing that the higher qualities and capacities of man were mere extensions of characteristics of his animal ancestry evolved for physical survival. He soon came to hold, as he expressed it, that "certain definite portions of man's intellectual and

moral nature could not have been developed by variation and natural selection alone, and that, therefore, some other influence, law, or agency, is required to account for them." A spiritual nature was engrafted upon man at some point in his natural evolution. Wallace was led to conceive the possibility and then the actuality of such a process by what appeared to him the convincing, independent testimony of spiritualism. There he found outside of Nature a world of psychical powers competent to intervene in and to direct the affairs of man. The laws of this spiritual direction could utilize, modify, or abrogate and override the physical laws of evolution for their proper purposes. In his earlier exposition of this creed, Wallace appears to have conceived this spiritual intervention as confined to man. Indeed, throughout his life, man is not merely the crowning achievement of Nature, but the purpose for which Nature exists.

This anthropocentric doctrine he came to hold ever more passionately as age advanced. It affords, indeed, a curious example of the power of a strong emotion to subdue a powerful intellect to its purposes. To satisfy this craving he entered in his later years the alien kingdom of astronomy, seeking to establish the conclusion that ours was the only world in which human life was possible, and that the entire cosmos found its only meaning in its contribution to the service of man. It was, of course, this same intense sympathy with humanity which inspired the social politics to which he devoted himself with so much ardor. Herbert Spencer and Henry George made of him a land nationalizer; Edward Bellamy converted him to Socialism. Socialists themselves are usually contemptuous of "Looking Backwards," and it seems strange to them that a quiet man of science should

have been stirred so deeply by the most elaborately artificial of Utopias. But, in truth, it was not the constructive features, but the powerful revelation of the inhumanity of the current industrial order that came home to the heart of Wallace as of so many other ordinary men and women. For Wallace was not even in theory an intellectualist, he was not swayed by logic, and he knew it. When, therefore, he saw the evolutionary doctrine which he assisted to create turning into a monster that would devour all his cherished desires and aspirations for humanity, he clapped fetters on it. His imaginative sympathies drove him, indeed, to what more sober and less audacious minds call "violent courses." In order to save the soul of man from the clutches of the demon he had helped to evolve, he was perforce driven to Spiritualism and Socialism, both of a somewhat crude and uncompromising form.

There are those who express a naïve wonder that so great a thinker could fall into such foolishness. But great thinkers enjoy no such immunity as is suggested. It is probably the case that most great scientists contain among their stock of ideas and judgments heterodoxies and credulities quite as violent and quite as inconsistent with their scientific principles as those of Wallace. But they have not the same courage and the same public spirit to compel their revelation. One of the signal qualities of Wallace's greatness was his unconcern for taunts of inconsistency or credulity. If he thought he had got a truth that contributed to human welfare, he told it with all the force with which he felt it. Whether it fitted in precisely with other truths and so helped to make a neat logical system did not concern him. He was not primarily a logician or a system-monger, but a devotee of truth and humanity. Most of his

truths he was willing to hang on two or more separate strings. In his last years he seems more and more, however, to have approached a Theism, the spiritual power and meaning of which he came to extend more and more widely over the realm of Nature and which gave a clearer unity to his outlook. This position is summarized in a very interesting letter quoted by Mr. Marchant in the little biographical sketch appended to his latest book, "The Revolt of Democracy." "The whole cumulative argument in my 'World of Life' is that it calls for the agency of a mind or minds so enormously above and beyond our human minds, as to compel us to look upon it, or them, as 'God or Gods,' and so-called 'Laws of Nature' as the action by will-power or otherwise of such superhuman or infinite beings. 'Laws of Nature,' apart from the existence and agency of some such Being or Beings, are mere words that explain nothing—are, in fact, unthinkable. That is my position. Whether this 'Unknown Reality' is a single Be-

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ing, and acts everywhere in the universe as direct creator, organizer, and director of every minutest motive in the whole of *our* Universe, and of all possible Universes, or whether it acts through variously conditioned modes, as Herbert Spencer suggested, or through 'infinite grades of beings' as I suggest, comes to much the same thing."

Here, of course, we have something very different from the abrupt doctrine of the earlier position, a Universal Mind informing and directing not merely the higher operations of humanity, but the entire course of Nature. The conviction that some such power or purpose is demanded alike by logic and by morality to give consistency to the evolutionary process is evidently gaining an ever stronger hold upon thinkers of our time. They differ as to how far such Power or Purpose is fitly expressed in terms of Personality. But the sense of its presence is more and more widely diffused.

THE COMMON ROUND.

John looked important and mysterious. "The fact is," he announced, "Eva and I are going to get married."

"Ah!" said I, "so *that* is why you got engaged, is it?"

"Yes. Three weeks to-morrow. We shall want a parson, a bridesmaid or two and a best man. There is work for all. Will you help?"

"What will it cost me?" I asked. "You know, you have omitted to mention the other things you want and, I have no doubt, mean to have. Look here—will you take five shillings in cash and the rest by monthly instalments?"

John protested that he would be

quite content with my mere blessing, so fine a fellow was I (as I am).

"Good," I said, "but then there is always Eva's point of view. Hadn't we better get straight to business? What about a sugar-sifter?"

"It's awfully kind of you, old boy, and there is nothing we should have liked better. But Eva and I intend to live quite simply, and we feel that the six sugar-sifters we have already received will see us through."

"Has anybody suggested giving you the wedding-ring? You'll probably find you want one when you get to the church. . . Or what about half-a-dozen novels, with *Presenta-*

tion Copy neatly stamped on the inside cover?"

"Wouldn't the publishers be hurt if they found out?" he asked. "Give us any old thing, if you insist. We don't mind what."

"I simply don't believe you," I said. "I am quite certain that you have put your two heads together and made out a list. Produce it."

He produced it and began to read aloud. "We shall want a house and some furniture to put inside it. Cheques will be accepted in payment or part-payment. Tantal are strictly prohibited, but we are open to salvers, cutlery, entrée dishes . . ."

"Start at the other end," I suggested.

"Ash-tray, blotting-pad, Bradshaw cover, ink-pot . . ."

"Times are bad, but not quite so bad as all that. Try the middle."

"Breakfast-service, tea-service, dinner-service."

"Don't you intend taking lunch?" I asked.

"Apparently not, but we make up with an extra dinner-service, called the dessert-service. The nut-crackers, nut-pickers, nut-scrapers have already been supplied."

"Then," I declared, "I will give you the nuts."

"Or," said John, "what about the Jubilee port?"

* * * * *

The function was a complete success, and I filled my part to the last item. I can never be too grateful to Eva for choosing so charming a Chief Bridesmaid as Gladys, for I take it that, whatever she had been like, it was my duty (as Best Man) to fall in love with her. I opened the subject by complimenting her on her choice of a First-Thing-in-the-Morning Tea-service, which I considered much superior to the other three samples of the same convenience appearing among the numerous and costly presents.

"Let's go and look for yours," she said, but I felt that what I had to say could best be said in a more private corner.

"Probably they couldn't hold back and drank it last night," I said, as I led her apart. . . . The result of our conversation was such that I foresaw that a schedule of our own would become necessary at a later stage. So I felt I could not do better than make a list of the presents that John and Eva had received.

* * * * *

When John had recovered from his wedding, I thought that it was high time to be getting on with my own. So I called upon him.

"I have here," I said, "a list. . ."

"Splendid," he answered, with a great show of enthusiasm. "If you will forgive an experienced man advising you, I may say that the whole question of conjugal happiness depends entirely upon what you drink and when. Have you, for instance, a First-Thing-in-the-Morning Tea-service on your list?"

"We have," said I.

John was inclined to be jubilant, but Eva, who was standing by and has a better memory for detail, checked him. "We have never ceased to be grateful for Gladys's delightful gift," said she. "I don't know what we should do without it."

I think that perhaps John did know, but he had learnt wisdom in this short time and said nothing.

"Have you a sugar-sifter on the list?" asked Eva, tentatively.

"Six," said I. "But perhaps I ought to tell you that it is in some ways a peculiar list and contains only the things we can do without."

"Does it even include," asked Eva in desperation, "the handsome marble timepiece John's Uncle Frank gave us?"

"Underlined in red ink," I stated,

"and marked with an asterisk by way of special caution."

John stumbled to it at last. "It looks to me," he said, "as if we shall have to buy you something."

I deprecated this extreme measure. "No, no. Our list doesn't include everything you had given you."

Punch.

Eva brightened visibly. I think she had the foolish hope of getting rid of the antimacassars of the faithful retainer.

"We haven't included the cheques," I explained. "If you're pressed for room, we could take over a couple or so of those."

PRESIDENT WILSON AND PRESIDENT HUERTA.

It was inevitable that the questions at issue between Mexico and the United States, and particularly between Mexico and neutral nations in general, should be referred to by his Majesty's Ministers at the Mansion House. Of course, Mr. Asquith had no difficulty in showing that British policy and diplomacy towards President Huerta have been strictly governed by the immemorial traditions and usages of British intercourse with foreign nations. Countries with which England is at peace are all treated under the same rule of impartial recognition, no matter what may be the form of Constitution or the total absence of Constitution which they may present. We have recognized the Sultans of Turkey, Federal Presidents, absolutist Kings of France and Spain in the days before Revolutions and Parliaments, we have recognized the President of the Chinese Republic, and we may shortly recognize a King of Albania; and in all cases we only recognize the accomplished fact without regard to any internal questions of the country concerned. Whether it was President Porfirio Diaz, President Madero, or President Huerta, we had only to ask ourselves the question if the potentate under consideration was accepted as ruler by his own countrymen. The development of the discussion in the United States does not, unfortunately, encourage the view that

Washington desires to follow the example of London. President Wilson had declared beforehand that no General Election in Mexico would be acceptable to him unless it was a genuine expression of the judgment of the Mexican electorate. President Huerta now declares that the late election united such a very small proportion of the citizens of the country that it must be declared invalid, and that Mexico must have another election. It might be imagined that President Huerta would be warmly supported by President Wilson in this action, and that, pending the decision of the future appeal to the country, the head of the United States Government would cease from troubling and cultivate dignity with restfulness. There seems to be no likelihood of this happy prospect. As far as can be made out from the various representations of Presidential opinion which come across the Atlantic, President Woodrow Wilson objects to President Huerta, to every member of President Huerta's Cabinet, and to every Mexican citizen who cannot produce the proof that he has always been opposed to President Huerta, his Cabinet, and his policy. At the same time President Wilson declares that he does not wish to make war on Mexico "unless he is forced to do so." As the Washington politicians still fail to define what they consider to be force sufficient to drive them

into making war, there is not much real enlightenment conveyed by the explanations from the United States.

One rumor of particular ugliness states that President Wilson will avoid or evade taking a decision himself, but will leave the Congress to determine what will be the action of the United States. There can be no doubt that, if this course be adopted, it will be the very worst expedient which could have been suggested. A majority of a democratic assembly has no real responsibility whatsoever merely in consequence of the vote of its members constituting a majority. In such an appeal to passion and prejudice there is absolutely nobody who can be held to account. Under such circumstances it is much to be feared that, as in the case of the war upon Spain a few years ago, the Congress will follow any popular clamor which has been organized by sufficiently influential employers of the popular Press. It was the Sugar men who organized the attack upon Spain, and it will be the Standard Oil men who will continue to organize the attack upon Mexico. An explanation of the motives of President Wilson which is published as "authoritative" by the *Times* is so full of dangerous and disturbing professions, that it almost forms a charter for any and every abuse which a powerful and overbearing neighbor may desire to inflict. President Wilson, we are told in this document, hopes to avoid the application of force, but there are motives which he is bound to contemplate. It is not merely the restoration of order in a country "bordering for thousands of miles upon the territory of the United States" which awakens the President's sense of rectitude. President Wilson does not even mention his own necessity for restoring decent neighborly behavior in those territories of the United States which

border upon Mexico, and which are the starting-points of all the filibustering expeditions and all the consignments of contraband of war which are the origin and the sustenance of so many rebellions in Mexico as in Cuba. Most alarming of all, the motive of President Wilson is authoritatively declared to be "the vindication of the principle of representative and constitutional government." This opens a fine prospect of universal interference with Latin America. Wherever the ruling ring of politicians at Washington claim to have discovered that "the principle of representative and constitutional government" has been imperfectly respected, the fleets and armies of the United States are entitled to intervene! Who then will intervene in the United States themselves, where, in most of the former slave States, the colored population are strictly restrained from voting on election days in order to secure the return of a White Legislature?

We observe that the Washington correspondent of the *Times* is obliged to state that the real reason for the Washington Government's objection to every Cabinet and Congress supported by President Huerta is "the fear that valuable commercial concessions might be granted in order to obtain foreign support." We have said so all along. At a time of increasing commerce and increasing competition throughout the world the great manufacturing and trading rings and trusts of the United States seek to obtain a monopoly for American products and American enterprises, by force of pressure or by force of arms, throughout the American hemisphere. An insolent and ridiculous resolution was actually passed in the Congress which practically claimed a veto for the United States upon the use of any harbor and upon the exercise of any commercial rights in any State of

South America which permitted Europeans to profit. It is, in other words, the fear of a Mexican Government being strong enough to grant equality of opportunity to European, as to United States, investors and manufacturers, which is the real basis of the whole of President Woodrow Wilson's exaggerated regard for constitutional preciseness. One particularly

amusing exposition of President Wilson's motives relates that the United States President is thoroughly resolved "not to approve of revolutionary outbreaks," nor to recognize successful adventurers. What then of the "recognition" of the Republic of Panama? The United States plainly seek to turn Mexico into a Protected Vassal State like Cuba or Panama.

The Outlook.

MR. BERNARD SHAW AND MORALS.

The Bishop of Kensington, thinking that some performers in music-halls have taken too long a step beyond the line of decency, has proposed that it should be illegal for any alterations to be introduced into a sketch after it has received the Censor's sanction. This would put an end, he argues, to the "suggestive" and "objectionable" incidents which can now be easily enough imported into a sketch after it has been "passed." Whether or not the Bishop's confidence in his particular remedy is well founded, it is a temperate and rational attempt to solve a problem which we believe has engaged the attention of music-hall managers themselves, and may therefore be supposed to be a problem which is worth the pains of a little public discussion. Moreover, the interest which the Bishop is taking in the matter does not appear to overstep the limit of what is popularly supposed to be the function of a bishop in shepherding the morals of the people whom the law has placed under his pastoral care. These, as fairly and reticently as we can state them, are the facts which provided the occasion for Mr. Bernard Shaw to discharge a letter, a column long, at the editor of the *Times*.

Such a wonderful letter! The notions which pure intellect place at the

disposal of Mr. Shaw are really worthy of the study of a psychiatrist, as Mr. Shaw himself would say. The psychiatrists, according to Mr. Shaw, have sought to discredit the saints on the strength of an unfortunate idea that the religious side of voluptuous ecstasy is less sacred than the voluptuous side of religious ecstasy. The best we can hope for Mr. Shaw is that the psychiatrists will not draw any distinction between the purity of his intellect and the purity of his morals. He proves the purity of his morals, to his own satisfaction at all events, by flogging the poor Bishop with the whips of perfect logic till everyone in the world—except those who remain ordinary, normal, and sensible people at the end of the performance—can see that the Bishop has not got a shred of excuse left for *his* morals. Mr. Shaw, however, in spite of his very mordant humor, has forgotten a fact which would add enormously to the joke of smashing a bishop. When the controversy about the Dramatic Censorship was in full swing some time ago, the chief opponents of the censorship, who were associated with Mr. Bernard Shaw in their attack, pointed out that the censorship was obviously ineffective, because it was notorious that in music-hall sketches there were improprieties of action or gesture which

went quite free of the Censor's prohibition—thus proving that the written word was not everything when censoring had to be done. Now the scene changes, and we have Mr. Bernard Shaw defending the music-hall sketch. He appears to think the stick a very good one for beating the Censor and the Bishop at the same time.

But let us look into the letter, for it is an extremely interesting study-psychiatrically, so to speak. Mr. Shaw says that the Bishop "has used the word 'suggestive' without any apparent sense of the fact that the common thoughtless use of it by vulgar people has made it intolerably offensive. And he uses the word 'objectionable' as if there were a general agreement as to what is objectionable, in spite of the fact that the very entertainment to which he himself objected has proved highly attractive to large numbers of people whose taste is entitled to the same consideration as his own." We do not remember whether Mr. Shaw ever used the word "objectionable" when he has been speaking about the practices of carnivorous people, or vivisectionists or those who believe in corporal punishment, but we shall not do his language an injustice if we say that "objectionable" would be a mild word to summarize the epithets which he bestowed on the carnivorous ones (and after all their "taste is entitled to the same consideration as his own") or on the people who happen to believe that the cause not only of human beings but of animals is well and legitimately served by the researches of the so-called vivisectionists. "On the face of it," says Mr. Shaw, "the Bishop of Kensington is demanding that the plays that he happens to like shall be tolerated and those which he happens not to like shall be banned. He is assuming that what he approves of is right, and what he disapproves of, wrong." Oddly

enough, exactly the same assumption is made by Mr. Shaw. He assumes that Socialism, for example, which he approves of, is right, and that Individualism, which he disapproves of, is wrong, and therefore he would have Socialism introduced by law, so that the public practice of the individualism which he disapproves of shall become impossible. And this in spite of the fact that the very individualism to which he himself objects has proved highly attractive to large numbers of people whose taste is entitled to the same consideration as his own. Mr. Shaw's ferocious attack really resolves itself into a question of free speech. According to Mr. Shaw's plan, there is to be free speech for Mr. Shaw and very free speech for music-halls, but no free speech for a bishop.

When the Bishop says "suggestive" he means, remarks Mr. Shaw, "suggestive of sexual emotion." Quite true, no doubt. But Mr. Shaw says this is a very good thing to suggest. Sexual emotion, he tells us, "shares the function with all the fine arts"—hence the beauty of many of the nude sculptured figures in the Victoria and Albert Museum in the Bishop's diocese. Quite true again. But there is too frequently an absurd disproportion in the insistence on the importance of sexual emotion, which after all does not exclude all other human thoughts in the tiresome expulsive way which it has in a great many novels and plays. "The sincerity of our art," exclaim the novelists and playwrights "requires that we should write without reserve of everything that touches human life at any point. We do not choose sexual emotion because it is sexual emotion, but because it touches life." But one would gather from the sincere novels and plays that hardly anything pathological touches human life *except* sexual emotion. Thus "sincerity" leads to an appalling insincerity. There

are people, no doubt, whose lives are entirely ordered by sexual emotion. We are not sure whether we know one, but we do know a man whose whole career, thoughts, and words are determined by the fact that he is never free from hay-fever. But what novelist would feel that he owed it to himself and his art to write a story wholly about hay-fever—chapters devoted to sneezing, details of experiments with pollen inoculations, depression, irritability, ending (according to the temperament of the author) either by death in a convulsion or the discovery of a cure and happiness ever after. That would be dull; and our sincere authors somehow forget to discharge their dull duties.

The mark of the sane man is that he is able to distinguish between what is objectionable and what is not objectionable by the mere tests of experience. Less well balanced people, like Mr. Shaw, decide any problem in the world not by experience, which, so far as they are concerned is absolutely unheeded and wasted, but by a painfully minute process of logic working in an experience-proof compartment of the mind. In the conduct of educational institutions the teachers, managers, or curators are expected to exercise what most people are able to recognize on the spot as the power to distinguish—in other words, common sense. If they were unable to distinguish accurately enough for all ordinary purposes between what is indecent and what is not, they would be turned out, to the general satisfaction. Perhaps Mr. Shaw has never been to Naples. If he has he would know that though there are innumerable nude figures in the public museum, there are other nude figures which are locked away in a separate room, access to which can be obtained only on certain conditions. Both the British National Gallery and the Brit-

ish Museum similarly have a good many possessions which are not on public view. If theatres and music-halls are instruments of education, as Mr. Shaw is for ever telling us, it is necessary for those who manage them to be capable of distinguishing. Mr. Shaw would be the worst possible manager himself, because he is quite incapable of distinguishing. His answer to the Bishop of Kensington's objections to certain music-hall performances is, "Stay away. There is no need for people to go who do not like them." From which we gather that Mr. Shaw has at this point recanted all his Socialism, and is in favor of a go-as-you-please society. In the British Museum and the National Gallery, under such a system, everything would have to be shown, and when quite ordinary fathers and mothers—not prudes in the least, but simply people with a modicum of the power to distinguish of which that eminent victim of logic, Mr. Shaw, is entirely destitute—complained that they no longer liked to allow their children to go there, Mr. Shaw would say, "Well, let them stay away." Nor would the triumph of this devastating logic stop there. Is it cock-fighting that somebody wants? Is it prize-fighting? Is it bull-fighting? Is it the public performance of some mystic ritual representing the sacredness of procreation? We believe that Broadmoor contains some inmates who are ready to carry on such rites. Everything would have to be permissible, and Mr. Shaw would say, "Stay away if you don't like it."

The fact is that Mr. Shaw is so inaccurate and careless as an observer that he does not know what is thought even by the simple people who wait in *queues* outside music-halls, and whose champion he believes himself to be. But after all there is hope for him, for we believe this is a crisis in his intellectual life and may possibly

be a turning-point. His demon of ratiocination has at last pursued him into a corner where we should think that even he must begin to have a glimmering sense that his position is ridiculous and undignified—the unhappy position of a popular buffoon who has suddenly been deserted by his wit. What he ought to do now is to attend as many music-halls as he possibly can during the next few months, and for preference sit in the pit or the gallery. He ought to hobnob with the people who will jostle him and perhaps make him very uncomfortable, but by taking great pains, and vigorously forswearing his pet vice of pressing home pure thought without reference to the vast and complicated system of human adaptations and compromises going on before his

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eyes every day, he might arrive at an appreciation of the fact that there is such a thing as common sense all round him, and that it counts for something, even though he may not be able logically to define it. When once he had made this discovery his curiosity would certainly be piqued, and there is no knowing how far such an able man might not be carried by the fascinating pastime of seeing things as they are and not as detached thinking can make them. Not only would he improve enormously as a decent fellow, but his art would profit by it. For the first time he would be able to import into his plays that touch of humanity the absence of which has always been very painful to admirers of his mental brilliance.

THE LOST ART OF CONVERSATION.

I have been told, and I believe I have been told truly, that it was the custom of Oscar Wilde to rehearse his conversation; and there are some who declare that his speech was finer than his writing. The censorious will condemn his labor as trivial and wasteful, but I will not give support to their argument, though I should be inclined to do so were they to argue that the practice of rehearsing one's talk is likely to lead to insincerity. It may seem a poor way of life to spend one's days in thinking of fine phrases which, when made, are carried to some place where friends meet, and there are spoken for effect; but it is better, surely, so to act than to allow speech to become the dull, limited, overwrought thing it now is. If a listener were to make notes of the conversation to be heard in most drawing-rooms, he would be astonished when he came to transcribe them at the

paucity of the language used by the speakers, and the extremely hard labor to which a few words and phrases are put.

It is in our reference to natural things that we are least felicitous when we speak. I climbed a high hill one day in the company of some friends, and when we had reached the top of it, we stood still for a while and gazed down on the valley below. There was a lake in the valley, a long, wandering piece of water, in which were many wooded islands. I remember that it was a dusky day, and that mists floated up and down the shapeless hills. The evening was closing in, and there were great gray clouds in the heavens, edged with lucent silver. There was that in the air which compelled us to be silent, and we stood on the hill-height filling our eyes with the beauty of the world—until someone spoke. "Isn't it nice?" she said. I spoke some

words that were as trite as hers, and then I turned away; and, as I did so, I heard another speak, and he said: "That's fine, that is!" and the lady who walked beside him replied, "Yes, it is rather fine!"

We came down the hill in the darkness. The moon, attended by a star, rode through the sky, and somewhere above us we heard a lonely curlew crying as it flew homewards. The plaintive bleating of the sheep that huddled together on the hillside mingled with the sound of the "lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore." I felt the awful meanness of men in the presence of mountains, and trembled when I heard the trees sounding like music played on muted strings—until I heard a friend say, "It's awfully nice, isn't it?"

The art of conversation in beautiful places is the art of holding one's tongue. If we attempt to talk pleasantly in such circumstances, we are likely to talk stiffly; and, since few of us can speak in accordance with lovely surroundings, we do well to be speechless. Language, indeed, is improper in the open air: it is appropriate only to the indoor life. The feeling of exhilaration which swells in us on a fine, gusty day does not stir us up to speech: it stirs us to incoherent shouting and jolly, meaningless yells. The best companion for a long walk is that man, or woman who is willing to trudge by your side for miles without uttering a word. Indoors we are compelled to speak because of our limited vistas; but who would talk on a long sandy shore or a wide moorland when he can see the sky stretching to the end of the world, and can imagine that, if he were to walk far enough, he could walk through the clouds? Would you disturb the harmony of a fine sunset by babble about politicians, or spend your energy in trying to describe the beauty of the night,

when you may feel it far better than you can ever express it? When I see a long, torn cloud of dark color staining the sky, shall I listen patiently while someone tells me that it is "awfully nice!" or "rather fine, that!"?

It is in the towns and crowded places that we must use our tongues. The countryman is silent, because he has the world before him; the townsman is talkative, because he sees four walls always about him. The great wits perish out of cities, for who can be witty about a mountain or a lake or the long, slow movements of the sea? Can we make epigrams when seabirds come wearily to land at dusk, or be quick at repartee when a lark sings? It is in the club and the meeting place that the wit is happy; it is in Piccadilly and Pall Mall that epigrams are made. And it is in these places that I would have men study their tongues. I went one night to Covent Garden, when Dr. Richter conducted the playing of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; and when the stately piece of music had been played, a man turned to me and said: "There are some snappy little bits in that!" and wondered that I was suddenly angry with him. Another time, when I was sitting in a picture gallery, I heard a man say to a woman, as he pointed to a painting, "That's not half bad, that!" . . . It may be that Wilde became insincere through his habit of rehearsing his speeches, but I would cheerfully accept his insincerity and his fine phrases in exchange for the sincerity and the "Not half bad, that!" of the man in the picture gallery.

It is likely that our language has languished to trite sentences, worn and witless, because we are afraid of using new words. The man of ill-breeding will sneer at the man who uses a word that is unfamiliar to him; he considers a finely-turned phrase to be a sign of affectation; and, in fear lest he should

be regarded as an affected person, he uses the words that his neighbors use, and repeats them again and again. For such a one, if he or she be young, all things are "awf'ly nice!" A sunset and a piece of music are "awf'ly nice!" A golden cloud and a delicately-turned vase are "awf'ly nice!" The fine air of the morning and a lyric are "awf'ly nice!" The plumage of a bird and the splash of running water are "awf'ly nice!" Or if he or she be middle-aged or old, the sunset and the piece of music are "not half bad, that!" or "quite good!" or "That's what I call first-rate!"

In the town the fear of our neighbor lies heavy upon us, and our words turn to banalities and our phrases to clichés. In country places you may

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hear a poor, unlettered man speak of something that he knows in language that puts the tawdry, common speech of educated townsmen to shame. It was a peasant in Ireland who spoke of Lady Gregory in this manner: "She's plain and simple like the Mother of God, and that's the greatest lady that ever lived!" Once in Donegal I spoke to a fisherman who was watching for the body of a girl that had been drowned, and I asked him when he thought the tide would cast the body up. He said: "It's hard to tell, sir, for the sea is wide and uncertain." In Ireland, if a man loses his intellect, the people say of him, in gentle words, "He's away in the mind!" but in cities men say of the madman, "He's barmy!"

St. John G. Ervine.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The convenient and attractive "Tudor" edition of Shakespeare is brought to a conclusion by the publication of "The Tempest," edited by Herbert E. Greene, Collegiate Professor of English in Johns Hopkins University; and "Antony and Cleopatra" edited by George Wylls Benedict, Associate Professor of English in Brown University. Each volume is furnished with an Introduction, discussing the text, stage history, interpretation, etc.; and with notes, a list of textual variants and a glossary. A copy of Shakespeare's death mask forms the frontispiece to *The Tempest*; and a portrait of Richard Burbage, Shakespeare's partner, is the frontispiece to *Antony and Cleopatra*. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole is the author of the latest volume in the "Spell Series" of L. C. Page & Co., and it is "The Spell of Switzerland" which is his subject. He admits that he is him-

self under the spell of that country of magnificent scenery and his enthusiasm easily communicates itself to his readers. It was at Lausanne that he and the imaginary nephew and niece whom he invents in order to add a personal element to his descriptions make their home, and from that as a point of departure they "do" the mountains and the lakes, the passes and glaciers, the vales and cities. The descriptions are diversified with bits of history and biography,—sometimes perhaps at a little too great length, for why should we have thirty pages of Gibbon's love affairs?—but the effect is to give variety and to take the book out of the mere guide-book class. As to the illustrations, there are more than fifty, all full-page, from photographs and original paintings by Woldemar Ritter. Three or four of them are in full color.

Last autumn one of the most successful juveniles was Beulah Marie Dix's "Betty-Bide-at-Home," the story

of a girl who was forced to give up her college course half way through, but who found herself the possessor of a developing literary talent. In a new novel "Mother's Son," we find Betty a grown up woman with several successful novels already to her credit. She collaborates as a playwright with Vashti Leisner, wife of a clever German; and at Mrs. Leisner's home she meets the original of the central character of her first play "The Toy Soldier." This is Hugo Mehring, a young German lieutenant who has been dismissed from his regiment for insubordination and has come to America to seek his fortune. Mehring has been extremely unsuccessful, is, in fact, at the very bottom of the ladder, and his regeneration is the theme of the book. Betty's struggle between love and her literary career is sharp and absorbingly interesting. She is as fascinating as a woman as she was charming as a girl. Henry Holt and Co.

Who does not know something of Irish fun and its varieties; of Lover, of Lever and of Mulvaney, who sprang full armed only the other day from the brain of that Saxon, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and eclipsed Handy Andy and Darby the Beast? He who would read of one worthy to be classed with them should most carefully peruse "General John Regan" by G. A. Birmingham. Therein he will meet an adventurer who lightly skipped along the tight rope of politics local and national, and successfully accomplished his own ends in spite of Church and Castle, the army, the police, the tavern keeper, and the pretty servant, and a Yankee; filled his pocket; paid his debts; and left his town and his country richer by a statue such as never was on sea or shore. One laughs almost without ceasing as one reads, but the last laugh is the best. The book is a per-

fect cure for low spirits. One barely escapes writing a valedictory "So it is," so penetrating is General John Regan's influence. George H. Doran Company.

"The Opinions of Jerome Coignard" is the last volume of the works of Anatole France in the English translation edited by Frederic Chapman. The actual translation is made by Mrs. Wilfred Jackson. In an introduction addressed to Octave Mirbeau, Anatole France tells how he came to gather this collection of philosophical reflections and familiar conversation. The memoir of Jerome Coignard written by his pupil and admirer, Jacques Tournebroche, was for years left in manuscript form and was discovered and published by Anatole France in 1833. The present work is the contents of a note book which came into the author's possession at the same time with the memoirs. Anatole France assumes no responsibility for the ideas expressed here but strives only to present his author's thought in as clear and favorable a light as may well be. In his opinion Coignard, professor of Oratory at the college of Beauvais in the latter part of the eighteenth century and librarian to Monseigneur de Seez, was a "kind of wonderful compound of Epicurus and St. Francis of Assisi." We see him as the peer of the world's greatest thinkers while lacking the self-confidence which would force others to acknowledge that truth, but none the less loveable for his modesty of spirit. It is this combination of subtle intellect and childlike simplicity that makes Coignard, whatever we may think of his actions or opinions, a charming literary figure. The book has all the fascination which memoirs in the form of conversation always possess, and the philosophy is the more readable for its casual and familiar presentation. John Lane Company.

